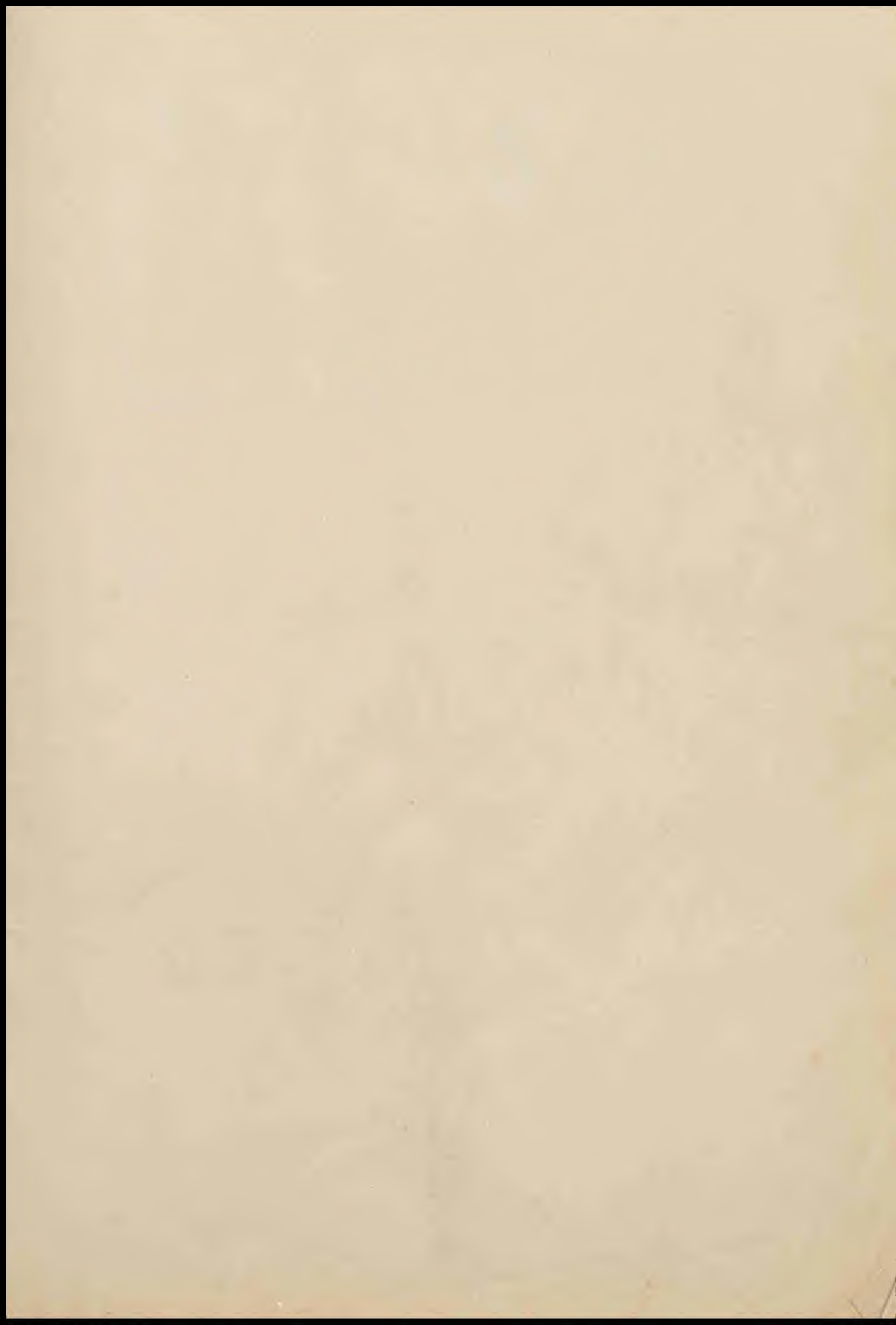
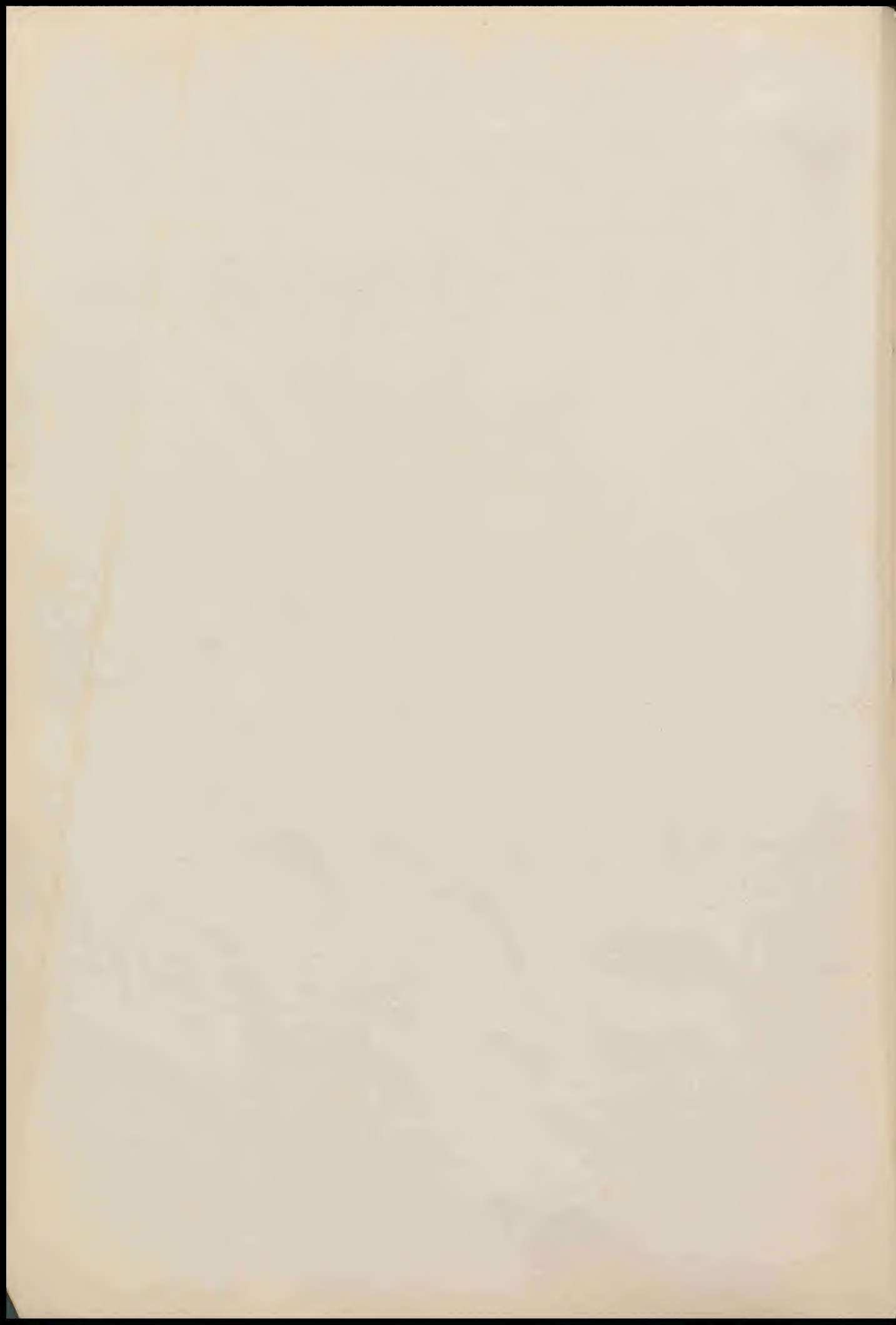




NIXONIA







The
NIXONIA

of
NIXON TOWNSHIP
HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME TEN

SENIOR CLASS
NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY - SEVEN
WELDON, ILLINOIS

To Our Parents

To you who have encouraged our efforts to
obtain an education;

To you who have sympathized with us and
have aided us in every possible way.

And to you who believe that we will do our
best in years to come,

We, the Class of 1927, affectionately dedicate
this book.



High School Building

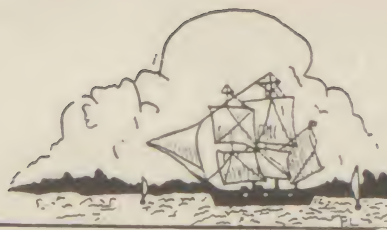


BACK ROW—Mr. Coffman, Mr. Dressler, Mr. Railsback
FRONT ROW—Mr. Marsh, Dr. Marvel, President; Miss Smith, Secretary; Mr. Fullenwider.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

In this volume of our annual, we, the students of N. T. H. S., wish to convey to our Board our acknowledgment of a debt of honor. We are happy in telling of the things you have planned and executed for us. We know it is your earnest desire to give us a school of such nature as to be acceptable to state and university authorities. The school reacts to this sentiment and we believe you will find our work upon a par with other schools of this state. We greet you in your situation as you do us in ours. May success attend your future years in our behalf and our school welfare.

Life is pleasant to me.—Wilmoth Crowe.



ANNUAL STAFF

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A. B., Mississippi Woman's College
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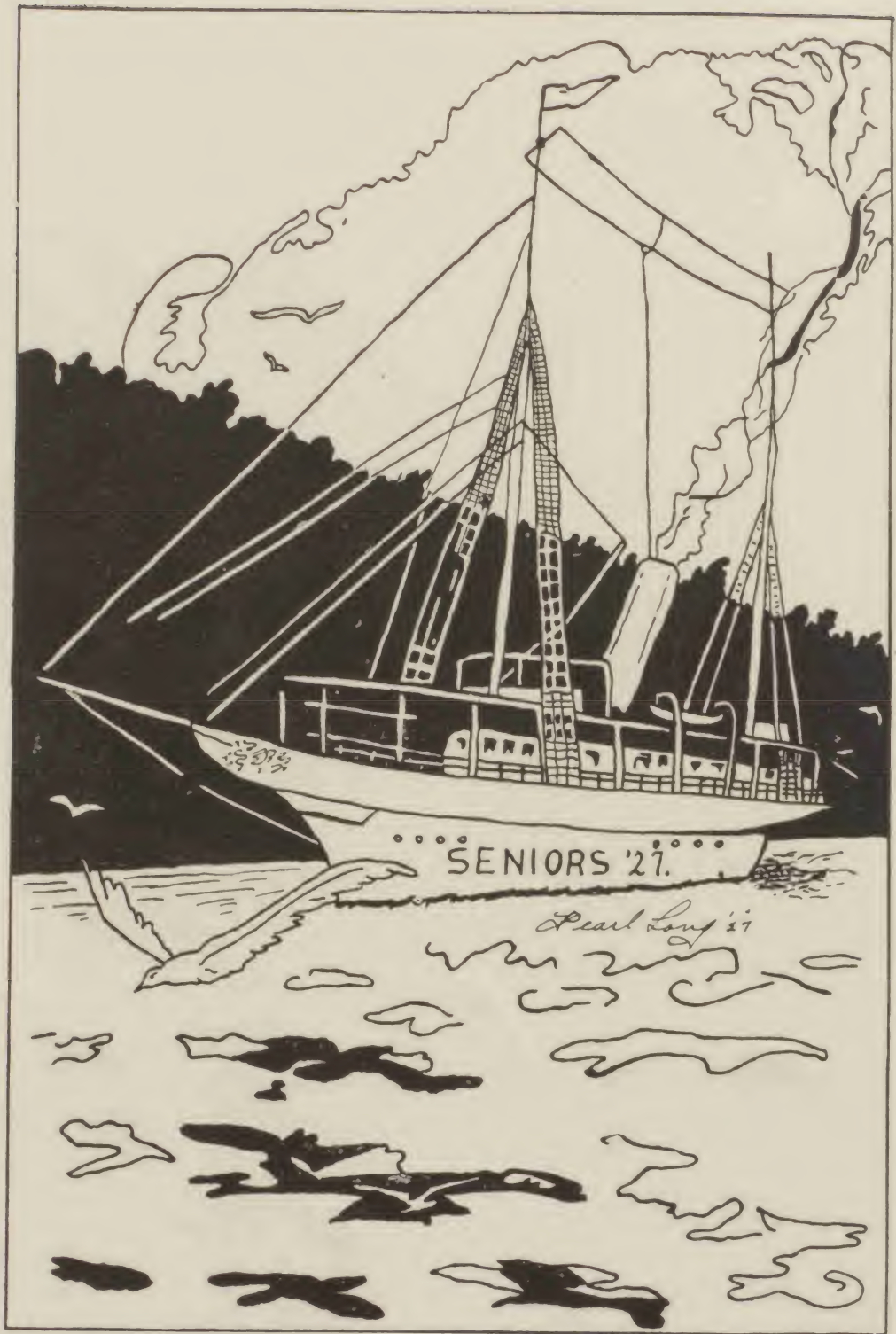
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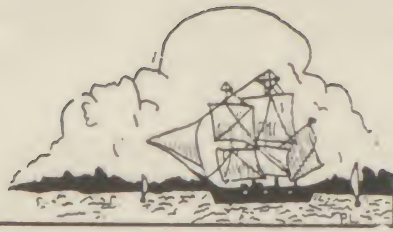


Olga Shaw

Gym.
Bookkeeping







CLASS POEM

The sun is sinking in the west
And with it, day does pass
Into the glory of the future,
So with the Senior Class.

We are leaving our dear high school,
Where the happiest years of our life are spent.
And as for our failures as a class
We hope there's none who will resent.

For who can go on the sea of life
Without making some mistakes?
And of all the joys we find in strife
We all expect to partake.

Each and every one has sorrows,
And to cheer him we will do our best;
And when to each of us comes tomorrows,
We hope each one will meet the test.

"Tonight we Launch," has been our creed.
We can say it now with thoughts upon the day
When with embedded anchors by some unknown sea
We shall to others tell, "This we began on Graduation Day."

As better alumni let us try,
And loyalty to show,
With bated breath, and heads held high
Forth into life we go.

When we have started on our work,
And to the progressive class we belong;
We will look back upon our high school days
And then take up the song;

"Dear old Nixon High School."

—Mossie Rich.



James Long

In Memoriam

Beyond the doubts and hopes and fears,
Beyond the cares and joys and tears,
Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Our loved one rests in slumber deep;
In silent and eternal sleep.



Carol Adams, "Pete"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-pres. Glee Club, Basketball Team, 3, 4; "Bashful Mr. Bobbs," 2; "Safety First," 3; Mystery of the Third Gable, 4; "Gypsy Rover," 1; "Belle of Barcelona," 4; Sec. of Class, 3; Sec.-Treas. of Class, 4; World News Club, 4; Nixon, 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Editor in Chief of Annual.

"I just can't make my eyes believe."



Walter Dressler, "Walt"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice Pres., 3; Nixon, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; "Second Puncture," 2; Class Sec., 2; Class Play, "Safety First, 3; Tennis Club, 3, 4; Treas. of Tennis Club; Captain of Class B. B. Team; Track; Class President; Class Plays, "The Mystery of the Third Gable," "Looks Like Rain," Operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona"; Boys' Glee Club; Salutatorian; Business Manager of Annual, 4.

"They admire his life and work"



Jessie Baker, "Bake"

Editor-in-Chief of the Annual; Nixon Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball Team, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Quintette, 4; Sec. of World News Club, 4; "Belle of Barcelona," 4; Class Play, "Looks Like Rain," 4.

"Ever true to her work, her word, and her friends."





Charlotte Barclay, "Chadda"

Alethenae, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl's Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl's Athletics, 3, 4; World News Club, 4; Junior Class Play, "Safety First," "Belle of Barcelona," 4.

"We would not have her otherwise."

Russell Fullenwider, "Russ"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. of L. A. A., 3; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket Ball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain Football, 4; Track, 4; Vice Pres. of Class, 4; Treas. of Class, 2; Assistant Business Manager, 4; Boy's Glee Club, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. of Orchestra, 4; Pres. of Nixon Society, 4; Pres. World News Club, 4; Plays, "All a Mistake," "Bashful Mr. Bobbs," "Safety First," "Mystery of the Third Gable," "Looks Like Rain," "Gypsy Rover," "Belle of Barcelona," "Pierrot and Pierrette"; Tennis Club, 3, 4.

"Handsome and witty, and yet a friend."

Bernice Bebie, "Bill"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Alethenae, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl's Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Girl's Basket Ball Team, 3, 4; World News Club, 4; Cheer Leader, 4; Plays, "What's in a Name," "Bashful Mr. Bobbs," "The Mystery of the Third Gable"; Class Historian, 4.

"Full of fun and mischief, too, doing things she shouldn't do."



Laura Barclay, "Andy"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Nixola, 1, 2, 3, 4; World News Club, 4; Girl's Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; "Belle of Barcelona," Class will.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round. My! how fast it's going."



Willard Gift, "Shifty"

Alethenae Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket Ball, 3, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Plays, "Bashful Mr. Bobbs," 2; "Safety First," 3; "Mystery of the Third Gable," 4; "Looks Like Rain," 4; Snap Shot Editor.

"A solid substantial fellow in more ways than one."



Eileen Fleming, "Pad"

Alethenae Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl's Quintette, 3, 4; Sec. of Class, 1; Vice Pres., 2; Vice Pres. Glee Club, 3; Librarian of Orchestra, 2, 3; "Gypsy Rover," 1; "Safety First," 3; "The Mystery of the Third Gable," 4; "Belle of Barcelona," 4.

"The world has not another."





Thelma Glenn, "Thelm"

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Aletheae, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket Ball, 3, 4; L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Sec. and Treas. of Aletheae Society, 4; "Who's a Coward," 2; World News Club, 4; "The Belle of Barcelona," 4; Art Editor, 4.

"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."



Wayne G. Meredith, "Merry"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. L. A. A., 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basket Ball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Basket Ball, 4; Treas. of Class, 3; Boy's Glee Club, 4; Nixola, 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis Club, 3, 4; Vice-pres. Tennis Club, 3; Plays, "Safety First," 3; "Mystery of the Third Gable," 4; "Looks Like Rain," 4; "Belle of Barcelona," 4; Athletic Editor, 4.

"The force of his own merit makes his way."



Grace Goken, "Egypt"

L. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Nixola Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basket Ball Team, 3; Vice-pres. of Class, 3; "The Mystery of the Third Gable," 3; "Gypsy Rover," 1; "Belle of Barcelona," 4; Social Life Editor of Annual, 4; World News Club, 4.

"Tis virtue that doth make her most admired."



Mossie Rich, "Moses"

Transferred from Clinton.
 Alethenae, 4; Senior Class Play.
 "Looks Like Rain;" Class Poem, 4;
 "Liked here, liked there, liked every-
 where."



Kenneth Thurber, "K. Y."

Nixola Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket
 Ball, 3, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; L. A. A.,
 1, 2, 3, 4; World's News Club, 4;
 "Mystery of the Third Gable," 4;
 Class Prophecy, 4;
 "We know his ideals are high; just
 see how tall he is."



Pearl Long, "Pal"

Alethenae, 1, 2, 3, 4; L. A. A., 1, 2,
 3, 4; Vice-pres. Alethenae, 4; World's
 news Club, 4; Tennis Club, 3, 4;
 Class Basket Ball Team, 3, 4; Glee
 Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. Glee Club, 4;
 Girls' Quintette, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3,
 4; "Gypsy Rover," 1; "Bashful Mr.
 Bobbs, 2; "Belle of Barcelona," 4;
 "Looks Like Rain," 4; Joke Editor, 4.
 "When she will, she will, you may dep-
 end on it. "When she won't, she
 won't, and that's the end of it."





Margaret Railsback, "Marg"

Quintette; Nixola Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. Glee Club, 3; Vice-pres. Class, 1; Pres. Class, 3; Sec. L. A. A., 4; Vice-pres. Nixola, 2; Sec. Treas. Nixola, 4; French Club, 2, 3; "Gypsy Rover," 1; "Bashful Mr. Bobbs, 2; "Safety First, 3; "Belle of Barcelona," 4; Senior Charge; Valedictorian.

"And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."



Kenneth Smith, "Moon Mullins"

Boys' Glee Club, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Football, 1, 2, 3; Junior Play "Safety First," 3; Nixola, 1, 2, 3, 4; World's News Club, 4.

"Happy and from care, I'm free. Why aren't they all contented like me?"



Irene Smith, "Smitty"

Girls' Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Quintette, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Aletheneae, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Pres., 2; Basket Ball Team, 3, 4; "Pierot & Pierete," 2; "Safety First," 3; Mystery of the Third Gable," 4; "Belle of Barcelona," 4; Calendar.

"If there be good in small parcels, then behold this mighty maiden."



CLASS NIGHT PROGRAM

Salutatory Address, - - - Walter Dressler
 Class History, - - - - - Bernice Bebie
 Class Poem, - - - - - Mossie Rich
 Music, - - - - - Girls' Quintette
 Pearl Long, Margaret Railsback, Eileen
 Fleming, Irene Smith, Jessie Baker

President's Address, - - - Walter Dressler
 Senior Charge, - - - - - Carol Adams
 Junior Response, - - - - - Lela Rainey
 Music, - - - - - Flute, Cello, Piano
 Eileen Fleming, Margaret Railsback
 Irene Smith

Class Prophecy, - - - - - Kenneth Thurber
 Music, - - - - - Girls' Quintette
 Pearl Long, Margaret Railsback, Eileen
 Fleming, Irene Smith, Jessie Baker

Class Will, - - - - - Laura Barclay
 Music, Violin Solo, - - - - - Thelma Glenn
 Valedictory Address, - - - Margaret Railsback
 Class Song



SALUTATORY

Parents, Teachers, Students, and Friends: In behalf of the Class of '27, I bid you a hearty welcome to our Class Night Program.

Perhaps it will be best for me to give a word of explanation of our inviting you here tonight. We, my classmates and I, have finished the course of study that is laid out for graduation from Nixon Township High School. We have spent the greater portion of our youthful years in school. Gaining an education has been the most important factor and the most absorbing interest in our lives. The end of our high school career marks the conclusion of something that for four years has engaged our closest attention, something that has been knit into the very fabric of our lives, and something that should be fittingly celebrated. How better could we celebrate this event than by gathering our friends here tonight to listen to the recital of our achievements in school and our aspirations in the life that is to follow graduation?

You will hear extracts from our archives, for such an excellent class must have a history that is worth telling. It is to inform you of our gradual but eventual rise to power and to inspire oncoming classes with a zeal to make as great a record for themselves. You will hear our poem, our prophecy, our will, and our farewell. Someone has said that a man who has no song in his heart is humdrum indeed—the same with a class. Then it would never do to not have a poem. And our prophecy! You have been deeply interested in our achievements in school; I am sure you are anxious to know what our aspirations are for the future. And our will! Be patient for in a short time you will learn what our effects are and who is to profit by them when we are gone.

Although we have spent much time in preparation for tonight, the excitement and agitation of the moment may cause us to blunder. We ask you not to expect too much of us, for we are young yet in years and in experience. Do not compare our offering with your own public appearances, for, as Alexander Pope said:

"Few sons attain the praise of their great sires."

David Everett later reminded:

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

I shall now introduce to you the Class of 1927 in our Class Night Program and again I bid you welcome to the entertainment of this memorable night.

—Walter Dressler.



PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Tonight is the last program that will be given by the Class of 1927. Before time has sped on another week, we will be Alumni of Nixon Township High School. As president of the Class of '27, I wish to say that this is a joyous night for us, but still deep down in our hearts there is a feeling of sadness as we think of graduation. We have competed in our last athletic contest, we have taken part in our last activities as students of dear old Nixon High.

Speaking in behalf of the Class of '27, I wish to take this opportunity to extend our

A good heart is worth more than gold.—Loren Richardson.



sincere thanks to the faculty of '27. You have helped us in many ways by your invaluable store of knowledge, good advice, and loyal support. We will often look back upon the teachers of '24, '25, '26, '27 with gratitude.

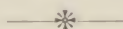
We also wish to extend our thanks to the Board of Education for their good help and loyal support that we have received from them. To the voters of Nixon Township High School District, those who supported the building of this new high school, we wish to extend our thanks for we consider it an honor that we are the second class to be graduated from this new building.

Parents, you are the ones that we should keep uppermost in our minds; you are the ones that have sacrificed; you are the ones that have made possible our high school career. You have proved to us that you were anxious for us to receive an education from N. T. H. S. We hope that all your efforts and sacrifice for us will be rewarded in the future.

Underclassmen, to you we owe a great deal of appreciation. Without your help and co-operation our high school career would have been much different.

Classmates, serving you as president has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. I wish to thank you for the co-operation that you have given me. I hope that we shall meet many times in the future as old friends and classmates.

—W. D., "27"



CLASS HISTORY

"Schooldays"—(Seated in an easy chair with memory book in hand—reading title of book)—"Schooldays." It's been many, many years ago since I've seen this book. The cover is nearly worn out and just look at the finger-prints which have been left on it, these finger-prints shall never vanish. When I first look at this book, it reminds me of the good old days when I went to N. T. H. S. Oh, how I wish those days were back. Many is the time I've longed to be there and hear the voices of my dear classmates and teachers once again.

(Opening book.) If here isn't a picture when we were Freshmen. Let's see, there were thirty-one of us. It sure was a peppy aggregation that year and you sure can tell it by the look on their faces. Not a bashful looking one in the class. What do you think of that? Let's see, they were Carl Shinneman, Wayne Meredith, Colin Despain, Fletcher McConnell, Elsie Polston, Ernest Baker, Avery Shearer, Kenneth Smith, Walter Dressler, Dorothy Delamere, Doris Delamere, Irene Smith, Thelma Glenn, Alwilda Redding, Bernice Bebie, Pearl Long, Grace Goken, Vada Goken, Frank Polston, Otha Polston, Willard Gift, Carol Adams, Jessie Baker, Laura Barclay, Charlotte Barclay, Cecil Quinn, Eileen Fleming, Margaret Railsback, Russell Fullenwider, Ross Twist, James Long and Miss Ilda Langdon was our advisor. This bunch surely possessed wisdom as well as vigor. Here's a picture of Colin Despain, Margaret Railsback, Eileen Fleming and Fletcher McConnell. Oh Yes, I remember they were our officers: Colin was president; Margaret, vice president; Eileen, secretary, and Fletcher, treasurer.

Ah! What's this I see? Well, if it isn't an invitation asking the Juniors to our Hallowe'en Party, which was held at the home of Russell Fullenwider. I well remember that night. That's when we were required to be masked, and there were some of the queerest looking pieces of humanity there that you ever laid eyes on. How well I

Love me and wish me well.—Bernice Olson.



remember the good old pumpkin pie, which they set before us. It seems as if it were only yesterday when we had such a hearty laugh, watching Charlotte Barclay trying to eat around those doughnut holes. That's just Freshmen out and out.

Suffering Cat Fish, if here isn't a clipping from an Omaha, Neb., paper advertising the sale of black walnut by the Freshmen Class of Weldon, Ill. Signed Ilda Langdon. I almost forgot all about that. It was during Christmas when each one was busy cracking them in order to return them in time for Christmas vacation.

And here's the notice of that five-dollar prize we won for selling the most tickets to the senior play that year.

We were reputed to be the peppiest, liveliest and most enthusiastic assemblage in school. That was due to our capable advisor and the co-operation of the entire class.

Here's a picture when we were Sophomores. I can hardly believe what I see. Only twenty three in the class. That just doesn't seem possible. Well, anyway they're just as handsome and intelligent as if they were Seniors. You've always heard the saying, "That the best of everything is done up in small bundles." That is our case.

We had a splendid group of officers that year. Where on earth can they be? Oh, here they are. There is Irene Smith, president; Eileen Fleming, vice president; Walter Dresseler, the secretary; Russell Fullenwider, the treasurer, and Miss Gretchen Langdon, our advisor. I'll never forget her. She's the teacher who sat so near the magazine rack.

Why this is one of the napkins which Thelma Glenn had at our Hallowe'en Party. That's the time we went to the country in those old rattle traps, people now-a-days call Fords. I'll never forget the remarks Kenneth Thurber made about those doughnuts being mostly holes, but what there was gave him the stomach ache for a week. Poor Kenneth, I certainly did sympathize with him. He seemed to enjoy the apples, candy and popcorn though.

Lo and behold! If here isn't a covered wagon. What on earth could that be for in this book? Oh, I remember, that's the time we won first prize for the most novel float at the county fair. Those mules of Kenneth Thurber's sure were a sight to see. They looked worse than some of those old nags you see in the country. Willard sure was lucky he got to ride in the wagon, for Oh, the sore feet of those who didn't get to ride. I'd pity him if his feet would ever get sore.

My goodness, what's this? A poultry farm? I guess it is. Here's a chicken feather. I'll bet this represents that May Fate we gave. In fact I know it does. Why this is the feather Pearl Long pulled out of the old hen's tail. I just can't forget that. That's the night Thelma Glenn was supposed to bring a feather for one of the games, and somehow she was delayed so Miss Langdon asked Pearl to get a feather as they had chickens. In about fifteen minutes Pearl returned with the feather and told Miss Langdon that since there were no loose plumes she grabbed at the nearest protruding tail feather and the hen fell asleep while she was pulling the feather from the tail. I always remember Pearl as our original conquering hero.

Here's our picture when we were Juniors. Juniors! Just think of it! Let's see, there were only seventeen that year. The number seemed to be decreasing more and more. Anyway, we were just as peppy and full of life as when we were Freshmen. Just look at that smile Carol Adams has on her face.

This is our new high school. I'll always remember that day. Each one of the students rode on the dray wagon to hold the desks on. It was a great improvement. Every one seemed to take more interest in their work.

What's this? "Safety First?" Oh, I know, this is the bill of our play which we gave that year. Safety First, that is the name of it. And here's a picture of the banner we girls won in the tournament. I'll always remember that, as it was our first year of

Every man has his devilish moments.—Lester Glenn.



athletics. We surely were proud of that banner, just simply because we had to fight for it.

Here's a pressed rose. That's one of the roses we had at our Junior-Senior Reception. That was the year we decorated the K. P. Hall and carried out the rose idea. It certainly was beautifully decorated. Margaret Railsback acted as toast-mistress.

Just look at that class picture, would you. That's the most energetic class that ever graduated from N. T. H. S. and I expect that ever will. We were Seniors then, and maybe you think we were not proud of it. The officers for that year were Walter Dressler, president; Russell Fullenwider, vice president; Carol Adams, secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Shaw was our Class Advisor. We were surely proud to have Mr. Shaw as he was the only teacher who stayed with us throughout our four years in high school.

"The Mystery of the Third Gable." What on earth could that be? It's sure a mystery to me. Oh, now I recall—that was our first Senior play. I had almost forgotten.

"Looks Like Rain." That's the name of the other play. I remember that night, it wasn't very well suited to the name. The stars were shining entirely too bright to "Look Like Rain."

Well, if here isn't my place card. I carried that all the way home from the Junior-Senior Banquet just to put it in this book. I'll never forget that night. Such good things to eat and such an enjoyable evening. The Alumni Banquet, that's when the students who had already graduated, entertained us.

Here's a picture of the annual staff. Let's see. Jessie Baker, was Editor-in-Chief; Carol Adams, Asst. Editor; Walter Dressler, Business Manager; Russell Fullenwider, Asst. Manager. I know that was the best annual that ever left the doors of N. T. H. S.

Who can this be the picture of? I remember now, that is Mr. Kidd, pastor of the M. P. Church, who spoke at the Baccalaureate. How well I remember the position in which we sat, afraid to make the least move.

If here isn't the program of our class night. I'll never forget that night. It seems as though it was only a few months ago when Russell Fullenwider stood up before a large audience giving the class prophecy. Maybe you think he wasn't stage struck. I know that if the audience had been still we could have heard his knees knuckle-knocking together. Oh, that Class History. It seems as if it was only yesterday when I sat in that large chair, almost frightened to death. Why, my heart was up in my mouth the continual time. I really had to hold my head up high, for fear my heart would fall out if I leaned my head the least bit. Just put yourself in those shoes for a while and see how you feel. I never saw such a frightened bunch in all the days of my life.

What's this I see? Why, it is our commencement program. How well I remember that night. Every student felt more proud than they had on class night. Let's see, Who spoke that night? Oh yes! Mr. Evans from Farmer City. He gave a wonderful talk on "Motives," and everyone seemed to enjoy it. How well I remember our motto, "Tonight we launch, where shall we anchor?" and how proud and dignified we felt on leaving dear old N. T. H. S., expressing our gratitude and appreciation toward our teachers for the interest which they took in us during our four years in high school. We shall always remember those we met here and those we left behind enjoying the privilege which we have just enjoyed.

B. B., '27.



SENIOR CHARGE

As we, the Class of 1927, approach the consummation and fruition of our efforts, our proud sense of achievement is tempered by a concern for the welfare of those less happily endowed Juniors, whose destiny it is to continue their progress along the way which we have passed, deprived of the wise council and generous assistance upon which they have learned unflinchingly to rely.

Scarcely oftener than once in its history does it fall to the lot of any school to enroll in its membership a class so favored of the Gods, and it is your fortune that such a class is your contemporary. You have been fortunate in the privilege of peerless association, and unfortunate in the inevitable realization of your inability to measure up to the standard that is ours.

It is fitting at this time to acquaint you with the fact that throughout your course you have been the unconscious recipients of the beneficent supervision of the Senior Class, wherefore many of your projects which seemed to you to eventuate happily merely by chance in reality did so as a result of our wise direction. Not only have we tried to direct your activities into pleasant and profitable channels and tried to help you avoid disagreeable and unprofitable experiences, but we have striven to fit you for our falling mantle. If we have in some part succeeded it is because of our superior ability rather than the quality of the material with which we had to work.

As you are about to assume the dignity of seniors, we feel that the contemplation of our conduct and the unconscious emulation of our virtues has placed you beyond the need of caution as regards minor infractions of school conduct, such as tardiness, lack of attendance, and bluffing in recitations. We are concerned rather with a desire that you may cultivate those qualities which are necessary to assure your fitness for the future in your exalted station.

Confidence in yourselves will gradually supplant the sense of inferiority which you have naturally felt in our presence, and as the memory of our superiority gradually fades you will manifest a wholesome interest in competitive activities, and enjoy your share of triumphs. In that event the recollection of our modest bearing in the time of victory will enable you to conduct yourselves credibly, and to bear tolerantly the petulance which too often mars the attitude of a loser.

Above all else you should cultivate a spirit of unselfishness and of fair play. We would not have you fail to aspire to leadership, but we would have you realize that such aspirations are not peculiar to you alone, and that there is no success which is not honorably won. Compete in all things fairly and honorably, remembering that actual victory lies more in how you have played than in that you have won.

We cannot bequeath to you the part that we have had in orchestra, glee club and basketball, for our participation in all these activities has been out-standing; but we urge you to utilize to the greatest extent possible all your available talent and to give of your best that the present high standard in activities may not be lowered.

M. R., "27."



JUNIOR RESPONSE

Class of '27, in behalf of the class of '28, I wish to thank you for the kind advice you have so bounteously bestowed upon us. You have, indeed, made our pathway pleasanter by finding for us, through your own experience all the quagmire and ruts of ill-judgment. In fact you have, by retracing your own steps, outlined for us a fairly well defined detour of wisdom which leads around the deluding Highway of Folly. For this, again, we thank you.

Seniors, if it were not for the realization of your incapacity in appraising our true worth, we would laugh at the valuation you have placed upon us, but since you have been so sincere in believing that our success is due to your direction we will refrain from that relaxation at present. I presume it is this same blind belief that has lead so many of your class members to take subjects the second time so that they might be with us to supervise our class activities.

You were right when you said that the contemplation of your conduct as regards minor infractions of school laws such as tardiness, lack of attendance, and bluffing in recitations has placed us beyond the need of caution. Indeed, if we were to follow in your footsteps, we would be far beyond the caution zone; we would be ready for four-wheel brakes.

We realize that confidence in ourselves is a virtue, but we also realize that over confidence is a vice. We would not want to play that careless, over confident game and when the final whistle proclaims us losers, look 'round about us in order to find someone upon whom to place the blame. Rather, we would play that hard fought game of uncertainty and come out victor! It is kind of you to advise us how to bear ourselves in time of victory and of defeat, but do you not know that people are best taught by example? You challenge us to play fairly and honorably! Seniors, that is already the foundation of our success! Your advice was well meant but ill-timed.

You charge us with being inferior to you in our participation in school activities. Can you not see that such a charge is false? In athletics we have a whole constellation of stars who already shine as brightly as yours and who have still another year in which to gain brilliance. In both boy's glee club and girl's glee club, we have a good class representation. We admit that we have but one member in the orchestra, but do you not remember that the Etruscan Army numbered ninety thousand while Horatius stood alone at the bridge.

As a final thrust you beg us not to lower the standards you have set. That were impossible. Have you forgotten so soon that our class average exceeded yours by a margin of more than five points? It was due to this superior average of ours, not yours, that the school average was raised this year.

So you see, Seniors, we are not so weak and entirely void of the talents you have deemed us short on. Rather in the exaggeration of your own abilities you were blind to our merits, but since we have so kindly pointed them out to you, you are without a doubt proud to place your falling mantle upon such capable shoulders.

Tonight marks the culmination of your high school efforts. You have now reached the goal for which you have striven these four years. Such a realization has meant perseverance as well as many sacrifices. You have a right to be proud of your accomplishment, so upon this, your Class Night, we congratulate you.

—L. M. R.

Her face is fair, her heart is true.—Cleta Long.



CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of Nixon, in the County of DeWitt, and State of Illinois, spinsters and gents, in perfect health and memory, (praise be) do make and ordain this our last will and testament in manner and form following: this is to say.

First—We bequeath to the Freshmen our brilliant example which will lead them to glory! Then we also leave them our motto, "Work whether you win or not, and you will meet with success."

Secondly—To the Sophomores we leave the privilege of moving to the west side of the assembly, as we know that you're tired of sitting there so far from the Seniors.

Thirdly—To the Juniors we leave our dignity and respect, and good behavior that we have been so proud of, the last four years.

Fourthly—We wish to express our sincere thanks of gratitude to the teachers who have done their noble duty.

Fifthly—We leave our personal characteristics to those who will appreciate them most. The first of these being:

Berneice Bebie's ability as yell leader, her sudden outbursts of laughter which she leaves to Harold Rainey. Please, don't be so bashful next year, Harold!

Second—Wayne Meredith gives his athletic talent and his ability to keep a steady girl to James Baker. Do your stuff, James.

Third—Eileen Fleming bequeaths her amicable disposition to Howard Baker, and her charming manners to Clarence Perkins.

Fourth—Russell Fullenwider leaves his privilege of talking out loud, his habit of snoozing on Monday morning, and his argumentative ways to Wilmothe Crowe. You won't need to go to bed now, Wilmothe!

Fifth—Walter Dressler bequeaths his knowledge and good behavior to Melvin Long. To Harriet Roseman he leaves his splendid record as Class President.

Sixth—Jessie Baker wills her idea of time well spent by writing letters at noon, to Bernice Olson: her sudden outbursts of sneezing to Inez Roberts.

Seventh—Thelma Glenn wills her loyalty to her friends to Esther Baker to use with those she comes in contact. Her good nature she leaves to Pauline Goken.

Eighth—Charlotte Barclay leaves her everyready smiles to Vernelle Olson, and her many blushes to Martha Turner.

Ninth—Laura Barclay bequeaths her extraordinary athletic talent to Dorothy Hiter. You will become a fine player, Dorothy!

Tenth—Carol Adams wills her pretty eyes to Muriel Long, and her fastidiousness in dress to Irene Marsh.

Eleventh—Grace Goken gives her ability as speed fiend to Lester Glenn. "Get out the Chrysler, Lester." And her ease in company to Irene Peacock.

Twelfth—Willard Gift leaves his sleek and well trained pompadour, also his stacomb to Donald Lisenby. You will certainly be a sheik, Donald!

Thirteenth—Pearl Long bequeaths her winning personality and her masculine popularity to Bonnie Ayers.

Fourteenth—Mossie Rich leaves her quick and clever replies to Frank Black; her curly hair she leaves to Celesta Hiter. Don't let it get out of curl, Celesta.

Fifteenth—Irene Smith leaves her bashfulness and quiet ways to Helen Shinne-man. Her ability to get her lessons she leaves to Loren Richardson.

Sixteenth—Kenneth Thurber wills his winning smiles to Lera Martin, and his talent

Some think the world was made for fun and frolic. So do I.—Lawrence Meredith.



in Physics Laboratory to Max Goken. Be sure you understand it thoroughly, Max!

Seventeenth—Margaret Railsback wills her slim and graceful figure to Ethel Turner; her mental ability she bequeaths to Raymond Miller.

Eighteenth—Kenneth Smith leaves his eager desire for a higher knowledge and education to Leland Coffman, and his musical talent to Lawrence Meredith.

All the rest of the properties not yet disposed of, we give to N. T. H. S. for their special use and benefit.

Any pupil who sees fit to use the knowledge and startling information given to the seniors, may do so.

As our said administrator, we appoint Professor Shaw.

In witness whereof, we, the class of '27, set our hand and seal, this twenty-third day of March, 1927.

(Seal) Class of 1927.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named Class of '27 as their last will and testament in the presence of the class, I do hereby set my hand and seal to this document, this twenty-third day of March, 1927.

(Signed) Laura Barclay.



CLASS PROPHECY

So you want to see my graduation suit, child, now that you are having your own made. Well, there couldn't be a better time than this afternoon to spend up here in the attic looking at it, I reckon, for it's just fifty years ago tonight since I was graduated in it! School used to be out earlier than it is nowadays. How you do take me back to that June with your talk of graduation frills and finery! Fifty years may seem a long time to you, child, but it seems only yesterday that I was trying to make up my mind between a light and dark suit.

So you remember me telling you I was graduated from your school and now you want me to tell you all about my class mates while we look at my graduation suit. Ah, the old days! Child, you have your new faugled methods in school and haven't any of the old ways but I declare you aren't any happier than we were. You have your modern improvements and advantages so you claim, but land, child, we'd never dreamed of them so we didn't miss them, but took comfort in telling ourselves how much better off we were than the school children of fifty years ago.

There, I finally got the key to turn. It's been—I don't know how many years since I have had this old trunk open. It was my grandfather's, so I reckon the lock's got a right to be cranky if it wants to. My, but it's dusty, child. My knees bother me so much of late years, I don't get up to the attic to keep things as tidy as I did when I was younger. I reckon my knees are like this lock and my grammar—kind of rusty from age and disuse.

Here's the gloves I wore to the Baccalaureate. Ah, that inspiring sermon Rev. Kidd preached that Sunday night! I can hear his voice yet—though I have forgotten his words long since. Those are the socks I wore with my graduation suit. Feel them, child! You can't buy silk socks any more. The silk socks you get now-a-days are so flimsy—nothing like they used to make in the twenties and twice the price.

I see you are getting impatient to come to the suit, well I don't blame you. What's and old man's garrulity besides a graduation suit. I do declare if the sight of that suit doesn't make my eyes wet. I haven't had this suit on for years and years. Here, child,

If freckles were dollars, he'd be a millionaire.—Dale Pitcher.



just slip it on and let's see how I used to look fifty years ago.

Oh, the night I wore it! I can see it as plain as if only last week. It was in the old auditorium—you don't remember it, child, for they tore the old school down and built the mammoth one you have now back in the sixties. There were lights and music, pretty girls and embarrassed boys and roses everywhere. There were eighteen of us all together.

What's this scent of dried roses? Oh, that's from the rose petals scattered about the trunk. Walter Dressler gave the roses to me. The red rose was our class flower you see.

Walter Dressler was our class president. What do you think, child? He's been president of something or other ever since. Just now he is president of the B. I. G. Railroad. I read in the paper a few years back how he ran for president—but that was one presidency Walter didn't get.

Put the slippers on too, child.

See that dent in the toe of the right one! That's where Wayne Meredith stepped on it at the Alumni Banquet, and Wayne has been just like that ever since. When he puts his foot down on a thing, he puts it down to make an impression. He's been in legislation for I don't remember how many terms, and I saw by the paper he'd put his foot down on expenses—and right away I noticed eggs dropped three cents.

Yes those two girls are sisters, Charlotte and Laura Barclay. Yes, the old maids that live in the red brick house. In school we dubbed them the "inseparables" after graduation, the same story. You never saw one but the other was right there. Finally Laura had a beau, but the affair was soon called off, for, you see Charlotte didn't have one and she could not tag along with Laura—not that Laura would have cared, but the man would. The next year Charlotte had a beau, but Laura didn't, so the affair was called off because Laura didn't have no one to go with. The pair went on and on and they could not attract men at the same time, 'till at last they stopped and settled down.

Whose is that lock of hair? Oh, that's Pearl Long's. See how it bristles up after being in that book these long years. Aggressiveness ran in Pearl's family. She just naturally went in to reform after college. She reformed the heathens, the church, the schools, the police, the movies, the radio, and politics. Now she has turned her hand to foreign relations. Child, if the world isn't a better place for your children to live in, it is not Pearl Long's fault.

Yes, and there's Russell Fullenwider's picture. Russell was married shortly after graduation, but he invented a contraption for piping home all the oil under the North Pole and soon he was lubricating his wife's way into the ballroom of delight.

Yes, child, I carried that handkerchief. Irene Smith gave it to me. The Irene Smith that went out to Hollywood, changed her name to Betty Blue, and was starring her way to opulence and proposals in no time.

Kenneth Smith decided there wasn't enough marmalade on a singer's rolls, after dilly-dallying around a year or two, went into business with his father. He returned last fall, taking up golf.

Yes, there was Bernice Bebie, who went to New York and Flo. Ziegfield snapped her up and she stayed in his Follies until she was married in The Little Church Around the Corner to an Italian Prince or Russian Duke. I cannot recall which, but she lives on the continent.

There was Willard Gift, who every so often ran into some money, left him by a rich uncle or aunt. Once he was walled up for buying oil wells where there wasn't any oil. Another time for erecting catteries for wandering Pussies and so it went.

How sweet and fair she seemed to be.—Celestia Hiter.



The last I heard of him he was squandering his latest legacy on trying to rid the world of daddy long legs.

Now there was Margaret Railsback. Margaret could sing like a bird in school and after she graduated she earned her way through the highest priced conservatory in the world where she got all them high-faluting things a Prima Dona needs. Well it wasn't long before she was thrilling everyone in the heart and pocket book at the same.

Mossie Rich went into the opera and has been given such an ovation down in Buenos Ayres, as no other singer ever was accorded before, at least the papers say as much.

Yes, and there's the write-up of Jessie Baker's wedding. She got married the next day after commencement! I just can't recollect Jessie's married name now, for she's changed it so many times since. I can't keep track of them in my old head. Some folks collect Rembrandt's, and some butterflies, but Jessie's hobby was husbands.

Stop, child! There's the picture of Supt. Shaw, that Eileen Fleming drew. I do declare it brings back happenings I haven't thought of for years. I see you're smiling, child. What is it? Oh, Eileen's drawing! Maybe you're thinking that it is a caricature of our superintendent, but it isn't. It's a true likeness of him. Eileen was a wizard with the crayon even back in high school days. Yes, she's the one that does all the Cosmopolitan's covers.

Eileen drew that sketch on the next page, too. It's Thelma Glem and Grace Goken showing off in the annual Style Show the dresses they'd made in the sewing class. Can't you just see those ruffles and fluffings, their ribbons up there on the stage, it's so natural. Thelma became a Paris buyer for an exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue, and Grace started a philanthropic society for sewing on buttons for bachelors, so the time they put in on the style show and sewing wasn't wasted.

Yes, there is Carol Adams. She is the sanitary engineer on the Roosevelt Dam. It's her business to see the dam is washed thoroughly with soap and water once a week and to see that the water in the dam is kept clean.

As for myself I have lived a henpecked husband's life for the last forty years. Nothing I do was ever right. I did the wrong thing at the wrong time.

My, how dark it's getting up here. I declare, child, when I get to talking of old school days and old class mates I never know when to stop. Those were some of the happiest days of my life. We must be going now for it's getting late and I must go down into the kitchen to prepare supper before your mother strains her voice, but you come back again and I will tell you more of those happy school days.

K. T. "27."



VALEDICTORY

High up in the mountain fastness a tiny rivulet gurgles and splashes joyously, tumbling over rocks, playing hide-and-seek with the sun-beams gleaming on its surface, singing and dancing happily all the day long—it knows no responsibilities, but romps, gay and care-free, through all the bright sunny days.

Farther along its course the streamlet broadens a trifle, becomes a little deeper, a little less turbulent. While it still plays and chuckles in glee it has moments of

Always happy, always gay.—Blanche Crowe.



gravity, moments when it sees life as something a trifle more than play. It seems to sense a beginning of struggles as it glides over rocks and past obstructions that seek vainly to impede its flow, ever widening and deepening, until at last it reaches a placid, tree-bordered pool, where it may rest momentarily before merging into the deep-flowing river on its sweep to the sea.

Not unlike the story of the brook is the history of the class of '27. Starting with a group of blithe, rollicking little six-year-olds whose sole care was to enjoy themselves, they began gradually to take on responsibilities, memorable among which was the mastery of the three R's. Slowly, as the years went by and their attention was directed to studies somewhat more advanced and requiring somewhat more of effort, they began dimly to discern that life is not primarily for play. Thus they reached the first milestone—graduation from the eighth grade.

Their entrance into High School symbolizes their advent into more turbulent waters, where began their struggles with the binomial theorem, the confusing visse's and ere's of Latin, the technicalities of Caesar and the eloquence of Cicero, the dismaying and mystifying laws of Physics, the little imps of split infinitives that would infest the most laboriously written themes—all these Gorgons had to be met and over come, the while participation was required in numerous extra-curricular activities, such as plays, literary societies, French and Latin clubs, operettas, and athletics. Perhaps these experiences differed but little from those of others who had gone before, yet they were more intense and vivid because they were ours.

Now at the expiration of four years of conscientious striving those who have survived the long and winding journey pause for a moment beside the complacent pool to glance with mingled joy and regret backward along the path-way before turning their eyes resolutely and purposefully to the broad expanse which stretches illimitable before them. Seemingly deep and smooth, but in reality hiding beneath its surface treacherous sands and lurking undertows, lies the sea of Life, spelling hope and adventure to those who stand upon its brink, eager to test their bark upon it. Let us hope that our preparation is adequate to the venture.

And now, class-mates, we have come to the parting of the ways. It can be only with regret that we ponder the severance of an association that in some instances is a heritage from our first school days. We can linger only a moment in reminiscence of by-gone days, however, for the future beckons us ever onward. We cannot know what the coming years may have in store for us, and we must not weary in our preparation nor loiter on our way to future usefulness. Of a certainty our pathways will diverge—some will continue in academic quest, others may venture far afield, but all of us will continue in the great school of Life, surrounded by opportunities to enrich ourselves from the great store-house of nature and of scientific knowledge.

No matter where we go, however, nor what our activities may be, we shall always remember gratefully the generosity of a community which has made accessible to us a liberal preparatory education, and the thought of Nixon Township High School, and our teachers and class mates there, will always bring to us a warm heart-throb of memory."

M. R. "'27."

[illegible]



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Pres., Lela Rainey; V-Pres., Denzil Halcom; Sec., Martha Turner; Treas., Donald Lisenby; Class Advisor, Miss Langford; Class Flower, Narcissus; Class Colors, Green and White; Motto—"Up to the door, over the threshold and into the world."

The class of '28 is justly proud of its attainments in scholarship this year, a large percentage merited a place on the honor roll. The Junior class supplied members for the Glee Clubs, Orchestra and Athletics. "Patty Makes Things Hum," a three-act play was presented December 7th and 8th, a credible outside activity. On May 6th, the Juniors were host to the Seniors at the annual banquet.

Our basketball mascot.—Max Goken.



BACK ROW—Denzil Halcom, Dale Conn, James Baker, Donald Lisenby, Max Goken, Cecil Peacock, Miss Langford,
 FRONT ROW—Harriet Roseman, Florence Shaw, Pauline Goken, Martha Turner, Louise Jamison, Bernice Olson, Lela Rainey.



SOPHOMORE HISTORY OF CLASS OF '29

A. Statement:

Class of '29 has lost its ignorance.
They are now clamorous and Wise.

B. Industrial Pursuits:

Initiating the Freshmen.
Escaping Studies.
Pestering the Teachers.

C. Social:

Sledding Party.
Mock Chautauqua.

D. Officers:

President—Doris Lisenby
Vice President—Wayne Reeser
Secretary—Muriel Long
Treasurer—Loren Richardson
Sponsor—Miss Boyd

Why shouldn't the women be wild over me?—Russell Fullenwider.



BACK ROW—Paul King, Howard Baker, Lester Glenn, George Johnson, Wayne Reeser, Loren Richardson,
 SECOND ROW—Miss Boyd, Bonnie Ayers, Ethel Turner, Celesta Hiler, Edna Shaw, Grace Baker,
 FIRST ROW—Muriel Long, Elsie Polston, Aleta Glasgow, Areta Coffman, Cleta Long, Doris Lisenby,



FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

As I was led into the jury room, being on trial for a charge of stealing, I did not feel that I cared whether I was cleared or not. As I walked up I noticed a well dressed trim, young woman sitting there with bowed head. I was about to turn away when she glanced up and I saw her face. I could not just recall it but she knew mine immediately. She spoke my name and I at once recognized her voice.

"Why Miss Roberts, what are you doing here?"

"I can well ask you the same question. I am charged with stealing some woman's husband. But why are you here?"

"I am supposed to have stolen a diamond ring. Where have you been since you left N. T. H. S.?"

"I've been traveling and teaching most of the time. Tell me about some of our freshmen."

"Beulah was president; Leland, treasurer. I do not think they are still there, but Dude, who used to aspire to be cheer-leader, is, I think."

"How about the basket ball players?" "Who? Oh! Raymond West, Henry Dawson, Frank Black, Clarence Perkins, and Vernelle Gift, weren't they? I suppose they're still playing basket ball. How many were there in our class?" There were forty-three before Paul and Mildred moved away. Don't you remember it was the largest class the high school ever had."

"Remember how Max and Ivan used to patronize the candy counter? They surely practiced our motto. Some others used to do it, too, trying to be "lifters not learners."

"Do you like sweet peas, Miss Roberts?" "Of course—for two reasons. I can wear the old freshmen class flower and have the pink and green of their color, too."

We were interrupted here by the judge coming up and telling us that we could go. They had decided not to carry the cases any further. So we left triumphantly to meditate further on the people who had been in the Freshmen Class of 1930, the largest class N. T. H. S. ever had.

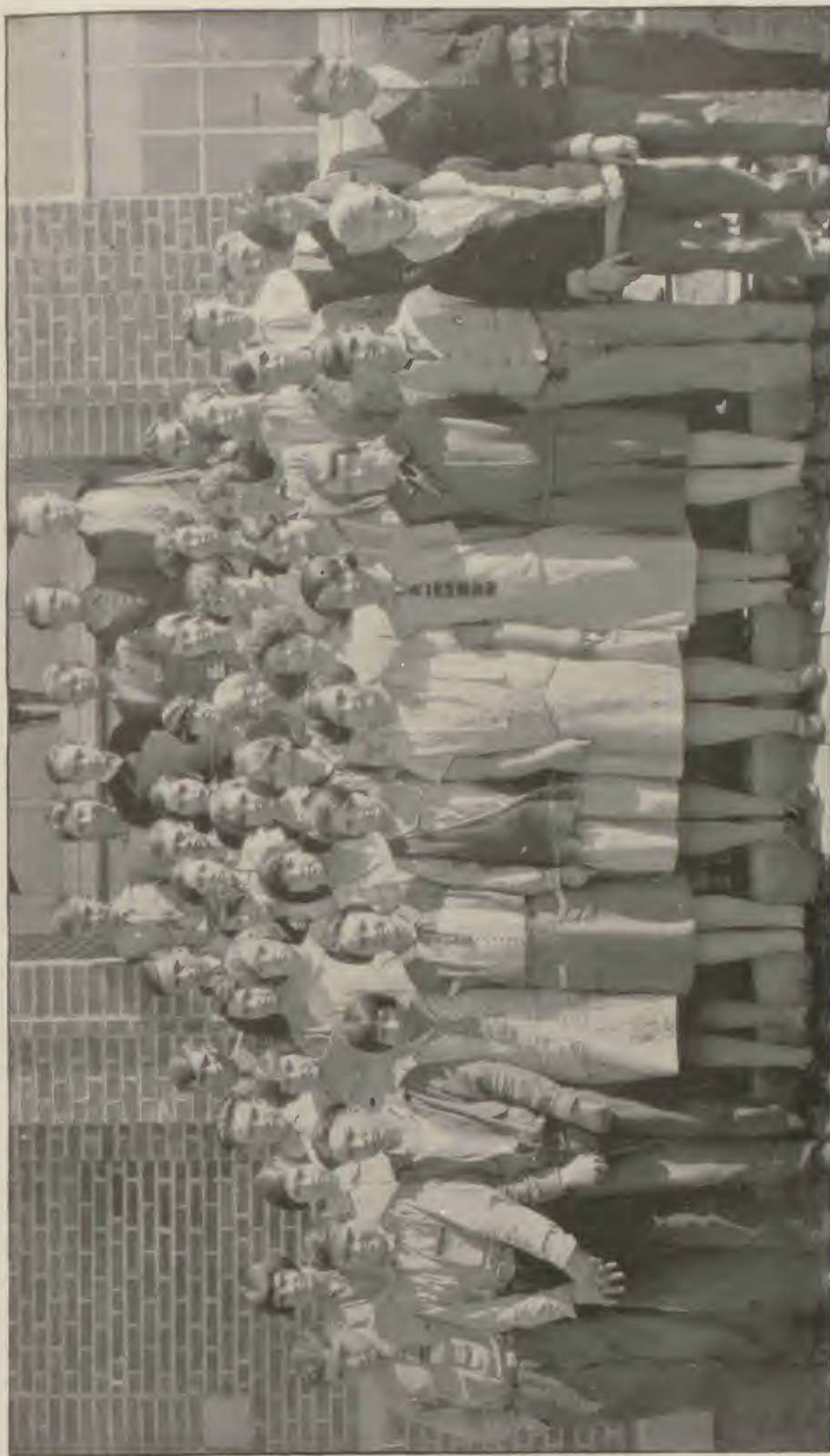
—T. L. W.

When she smiles.—Irene March.



BACK ROW—Raymond Miller, Julius Langrand, Max Rainey, Ivan Swearingen, Francis Hoops,
 SECOND ROW—Melvin Long, Vernelle Olson, Raymond West, Lester Thurler, Vernelle Gift, Lawrence Meredith, Kenneth Edwards,
 Paul Jones, Leland Coffman.
 THIRD ROW—Bernice McBride, Walter Rich, Leslie Parker, Helen Shinneman, Beluah Thompson, Esther Baker, Clarence Perkins,
 Henry Dawson, Frank Black,
 FOURTH ROW—Miss Roberts, Irene Marsh, Ersu Followell, Thelma Smith, Lucile Baker, Thelma Wilson, Irene Peacock, Dorothy Hiter,
 Nellie Adams, Wilmoth Crowe.
 FRONT ROW—Floy Shinneman, Eva Baker, Inez Roberts, Dean Whitehead, Dale Pitcher, Harold Rainey, Carl Galloway, Mildred
 Jones, Lotus Leevy, Lera Martin.





BACK ROW—Julius Langrand, Max Goken, Donald Lisenby, Cecil Peacock, Loren Richardson, Walter Dressler,

SECOND ROW—Kenneth Thurber, Wayne Meredith, Laura Barday, Kenneth Edwards, Grace Goken, Carol Adams, Jessie Baker, Helen Baker, Russell Fullenwider.

THIRD ROW—Paul King, Martha Turner, Benlah, Thompson, Cleta Long, Aleta Glasgow, Louise Jamison, Margaret Railsback, Esther Baker, Melvin Long, James Baker.

FOURTH ROW—Thelma Wilson, Irene Marsh, Ersa Followell, Lucile Baker, Lotus Leevy, Irene Peacock, Mildred Jones, Ethel Turner, Ivin Sweeney, Miss Roberts.

FRONT ROW—Leland Coffman, Francis Hoops, Walter Rich, Inez Roberts, Harriet Roseman, Muriel Long, Berdree McBride, Dorothy Uiter, Areta Coffman, Clarence Perkins, Carl Galloway, Wayne Reeser.



THE NIXOLA LITERARY SOCIETY

The Nixola Literary Society was called for its first meeting of the year, early in October. Our first move was to elect officers. Russell Fullenwider was elected president; Carol Adams, vice president, and Margaret Railsback, secretary and treasurer. Then we took our roll and to our pleasure found that our membership had increased from last year's group of thirty, to forty-one. We did not get to keep that number throughout the year, however, for three freshmen left school, but our enrollment still remained large.

The next thing we did was to make plans for the coming year. Some of these plans we did not get to carry out because of other events conflicting or interfering in some way with our work.

Our first program was a mock debate. The subject chosen was, "Resolved, that a Ford is better than a horse and buggy." Max Goken, Russell Fullenwider and Wayne Meredith defended the proposition with spirit while Jessie, Donald and Harriet creditably maintained the negative.

At Christmas we were asked to aid in the Community Program. It seemed impossible to find anything, but after continued search through a wealth of material that was apparently all more or less of the "Same old thing," we finally decided to dramatize a part of E. P. Butler's "Birds' Christmas Carol." We selected the first part of the story, the preparation of the Ruggles family that the children might go to the Christmas party. It was as much fun for those who gave it as for the audience.

But we would not have it thought that everything we did was comedy. We could be serious, too. On Armistice Day it fell to our society to present a program. We first had the customary three minutes of silence. Then the school sang, "America, the Beautiful," after which "Lest We Forget," was read. Then the group of poems, "In Flanders Field," "The Promise, the Appeal and the Fulfillment," was given and the program was closed by a few words from Mr. Shaw.

It has been a busy year, but we enjoyed the progress and programs that we are working for. We are hoping for a large membership and a more splendid work next year.



THE ALETHENAE LITERARY SOCIETY

At an early date in the school year the Alethenae Literary Society, under the supervision of Miss Schmuck, our faculty advisor, elected the following officers: President, Denzil Halcom; Vice President, Pearl Long; Secretary-Treasurer, Thelma Glenn.

One of the aims of this society is to make each program a little better than the preceding one. By these programs, Alethenae tends to discover and to promote any native ability. Another aim is to place every member before the student body, at least once a semester on some program so that when called upon to appear in public, he or she will do so with more self confidence and self assurance. By acquiring these things, personality and individuality are developed—two great factors which lead to success in life and to which all ambitious people aspire.

Programs of particular interest were: a mock trial, a faculty burlesque, a Thanksgiving program, the dramatization of the "Courtship of Miles Standish," a pageant of the months, a reading, "Benefits Forgot," based on an incident in Lincoln's life, and presented on February 12, and lastly, a midnight fantasy, featuring the contrast between the modern girl and her sister of 1759.

Alethenae eagerly looks forward to next year's activity.

This world is a joke, laugh and grow fat.—Julius Langrand.



BACK ROW—Lela Rainey, Pearl Long, Miss Schmuck, Bernice Bebie, Irene Smith, Max Rainey.
 SECOND ROW—Willard Gift, Leslie Parker, Raymond Miller, Dale Conn, Denzil Halcorn, Vernelle Olson, Raymond West, Lester Glenn,
 THIRD ROW—George Johnson, Howard Baker, Celesta Hiter, Bonnie Ayers, Helen Shinneman, Eileen Fleming, Doris Lisenby, Wilmoth
 Crowe, Paul Jones, Frank Black.
 FOURTH ROW—Blanche Crowe, Charlotte Barclay, Mossie Rich, Grace Baker, Thelma Glenn, Edna Shaw, Bernice Olson, Nellie Adams,
 Pauline Goken.
 FRONT ROW—Henry Dawson, Lawrence Meredith, Lester Thurber, Floy Shinneman, Eva Baker, Lera Martin, Elsie Polston, Florence
 Shaw, Dale Pitcher, Harold Rainey, Dean Whitehead.



SOCIAL EVENTS

The first event of the social season at Nixon High School was a Junior Sled Party. The jolly Juniors, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Miss Langford, decided they would like to feel the thrills of a sled ride once more.

Don and Max kindly consented to drive them out to DeWitt Hill, where they immediately made use of the little sleds which they had taken with them. After everyone had satisfied their desires for coasting and most all of them were numb with cold, they motored back as far as the home of Helen Baker where refreshments were awaiting them. Oh! How good they did taste to those cold and hungry folks. They departed at a late hour after spending an enjoyable evening.

In order to keep up with the Juniors, the Sophomores had a sled party also. They did not go in cars, but in a real bob sled drawn by horses. They rode out to Dewitt Hill where they went coasting on small sleds. From there they drove back to the home of Doris Lisenby, where they were served a light lunch. After satisfying their hunger and warming a bit, they departed hoping they would get to go sled riding next year.



THE BURLESQUE CHAUTAUQUA

The Burlesque Chautauqua was presented by the Sophomore Class in The High School Auditorium, October 29, 1926. This Chautauqua gave five entertainments, all in one night under the incredible mismanagement of Mister Loren Richardson.

First Night the Roberts Concert Company furnished the entertainment. This is their program. A selection by the English Singers composed of Muriel Long, Aleta Glasgow and Howard Baker; second, a reading, "Speak up Ike, an' 'Xpress Y'rself," by Elsie Polston; third, solo by Gally Kirchy—Ethel Turner; fourth, clarinet solo, by Madame Madilian—Doris Lisenby, and last selection by English Singers.

Second Night—Living pictures were shown:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1—Age of Innocence, Phyllis Coffman | 7—John Alden and Priscilla, Wayne Meredith, Carol Adams |
| 2—Mother, Mrs. J. J. Fleming | 8—Colonial Lady, Miss Schmuck |
| 3—Whistling Boy, Leon Danison | 9—Modern Madonna and Child, Celesta Hiter and Louise Ernestine Dickey. |
| 4—Summer Girl, Mrs. R. C. Shaw | 10—Veteran, Mr. Scott |
| 5—Flapper of 1776, Doris Lisenby | |
| 6—Flapper of 1926, Arete Coffman | |

Third Night—Kitchen Cabinet Orchestra, Sophomore Class. The program follows: "Turkey in the Straw," "Yes Sir That's My Baby," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," by the Tea Kettle Quartet

Solo by Lady Kister, Muriel Long

Last number was the "Star Spangled Banner."

Steady and industrious.—Leland Coffman.



Fourth Night—Farmer Night. The speakers of the evening were:

L. M. Marvel, Chairman, Howard Baker
C. C. Lisenby, Paul King. L. S. Kidd, Lester Glenn.

Fifth and Last Night—The Alabama Jubilee Singers, or the entire Sophomore Class furnished the program. They rendered favorable selections as follows:

"Nobody Knows The Trouble I See," "Lullaby," by Dinah Washington, Muriel Long
"Massa In the Cold, Cold Ground," Garfield Whire, Howard Baker
"Quit Yo Ticklin' Me," Dinah Washington and Tiney Appleblossom, Muriel Long
and Elsie Polston

Piano Solo, Marianna Green, Ethel Turner
Dixie, Entire Minstrel Body.
Adjournment.



THE MYSTERY OF THE THIRD GABLE

Presented by the Senior Class on Friday, November 12, 1926.

Cast of Characters

Roy Lane, who occupies the Third Gable, Willard Gift
Mrs. Lane, the housekeeper, Carol Adams
Sally Sherwood, who selected the place, Irene Smith
Tom Sherwood, Sally's brother, Walter Dressler
Judge Sherwood, who seeks peace and quiet, Wayne Meredith
Mrs. Sherwood, his wife, Eileen Fleming
Janet Morgan, his prospective secretary, Grace Goken
Jane Morgan, who takes Janet's place, Bernice Bebie
Rodger Hadley, the stranger, Russell Fullenwider
Simpson, Rodger's assistant, Kenneth Thurber



LOOKS LIKE RAIN

Presented by the Senior Class on Friday, May 14, 1927. The cast were as follows.

Monty Mansfield, the proprietor, Walter Dressler
Reggie VanWert, an ambitious author, Wayne Meredith
Elmo Armstrong, Monty's cousin, Russell Fullenwider
Jerry Watson, the late proprietor, Willard Gift
Nellie Watson, his daughter, Pearl Long
Martha Watson, his better half, Jessie Baker
Vi'luf Hickey, a neighbor, Mossie Rich

True happiness consists in a multitude of friends.—Pauline Goken.

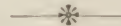


PATTY MAKES THINGS HUM

Presented by the Junior Class on Saturday, Dec. 18, 1926

The Cast

Captain Braithwaite, who wasn't so slow after all, Dale Conn
 Captain Little, who has a little misunderstanding, Donald Lisenby
 Mr. Green, who played the host, Max Goken
 Mr. Smith, a neighbor worth while, James Baker
 Mrs. Smith, who proved herself a good friend, Florence Shaw
 Mrs. Greene, Captain Little's sister, who entertained, Martha Turner
 Patty (Patience Little) who managed to make things hum, Harriet Roseman
 Helen Braithwaite, engaged to Capt. Little, Pauline Goken
 Hope Dunbar, who is still hoping, Louise Jamison
 Hyacinth, a loquacious colored maid, Lela Rainey



JUNIOR BANQUET

On May the sixth, at seven o'clock, the Class of '28 entertained the Class of '27 at dinner in the high school gymnasium. Between courses, Miss Laura Schmuck and Denzel Haleom gave special numbers and popular songs were sung by the group. When dinner was finished Lela Rainey, acting as toastmistress, introduced Dr. Marvel, Mr. Shaw, James Baker, and Walter Dressler.

The "Gym" was tastefully decorated in the two classes' colors, green, orchid, and white. The Junior Class flower, the Narcissus, formed the center pieces of the tables.

The following menu was served:

Cocktail a la Prince'sse

Mashed Potatoes	Gravy	Chicken du Languedoc.
Carrots and Green Beans	Imperial Salad	
Parkerhouse Rolls	Olives and Pickles	Radishes
Pistachio Ice Cream	Angel Food Cake	Coffee
		Mints

Quality as well as quantity.—Bertha McBride.





Mr. Merry

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

The school year, 1926-27, has found the Senior Orchestra greatly handicapped, nevertheless, it has had a successful year. As might be expected in any organization of this kind, the membership is constantly changing. At present there are fifteen members in the Senior Orchestra. At the close of this year's term, we will lose six valuable players.

The first appearance of the Senior Orchestra was on February 22, 1927, when, in conjunction with Mt. Pulaski Orchestra, it furnished the evening's entertainment at our gymnasium. Besides giving the three scheduled concerts, the orchestra has played for class plays, society programs, parent-teacher meetings and commencement.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

The Junior Orchestra has been growing steadily since it was organized in 1924. It is composed of thirteen members, several of whom are high school students. The Junior Orchestra's rehearsals are on Tuesday evenings of each week. It has given its best efforts in joint concerts, parent-teacher programs and at various social functions. The community realizes the improvement the orchestra makes each year and they realize that in several years to come, these same orchestra members will take the places of the Senior Orchestra members. Mr. Merry, assisted by Miss Schmuck has succeeded in making this year a remarkable year for the orchestra and Weldon has many hopes concerning its future development and work.

—E. F.

I am short but so was Napoleon.—Max Rainey.



BACK ROW—Denzil Halcorn, Eileen Fleming, Muriel Long, Beulah Thompson, Thelma Glenn, Russell Fullenwider, Clarence Perkins,
Miss Schmuck.

FRONT ROW—Wayne Reeser, Doris Lisenby, Margaret Railsback, Irene Smith, pianist; Pearl Long, Areta Coffman, Dale Pitcher.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club now consists of thirty members. As is the customary way, the Glee Club re-organized this year and received several new members. The Glee Club has taken a great part in social functions and that sort of thing all year. They have entertained the Parents-Teachers' Association a number of times and have taken part in the High School night at the churches. Once a month the churches give over an evening to the High School in which they take an active part. The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs rendered their services through the year.

Under the splendid management of Miss Schmuck, the Glee Club year has been very successful. Miss Schmuck took upon her self the task of a concert and also an operetta. In the first part of April, the Glee Club placed before the public a musical comedy, "The Belle of Barcelona." It was a marvelous success and Miss Schmuck was requested to give it over again. The musicale was given by both Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs again and it was given in the same enjoyable manner.

Immediately after the Operetta was concluded, Miss Schmuck carefully trained her Club for the County Meet at which time they made the usual splendid showing and came back with the high honors every one expected.

With the hearty cooperation of the members of the Glee Club and pianist, Miss Schmuck was able to make this year a mighty successful year for herself and her Glee Club, and her work shows more accomplishments and more success than any Glee Club has enjoyed in years.

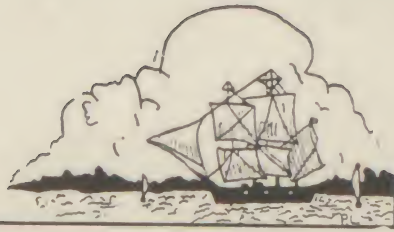
—E. F.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

At the beginning of the year, Miss Schmuck wished to reorganize the Boys' Glee Club that had been discontinued for several years. The Glee Club was successfully organized and planned in a week's time. The club now consists of twenty members. They have been active in joint concerts and also at church on high school nights throughout the year. With Miss Schmuck's skillful training, they took a strong part in our Operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona," and they helped to make it the most successful musicale in several years. These boys give us much promise for the future years' success.

Nor riches nor fame, but a banker's name.—Miss Schmuck.



"THE BELLE OF BARCELONA"

A Musical Comedy—Directed by Miss Laura Schmuck

Cast of Characters

Luis de Montero, wealthy plantation owner Russell Fullenwider
 Gloria de Montero, his wife Pearl Long
 Margarita, an accomplished daughter Irene Smith
 Mercedes, her sister Grace Goken
 Francisco de la Vega, Chief Inspector at the Custom House,
 who claims to be a Nobleman Howard Baker
 Pedro, manager of de Montero's plantation Ivan Swearingen
 Emilio, a toreador, suitor of Mercedes Denzil Halcom
 Don Juan, student friend of Emilio Walter Dressler
 Dona Marcela, { Friends of Margarita { Jessie Baker
 Dona Anita, { { Harriet Roseman
 Martha Matilda Ayres, an English governess Eileen Fleming
 Lieutenant Harold Wright, custom inspector from the
 United States Donald Lisenby
 Patrick (Pat) Malone, companion of Hal. James Baker
 Captain Colton, of the U. S. Cruiser, Montana Dale Conn
 Spanish Students' Chorus, { Boys' and Girls' Glee Club
 Chorus of U. S. Marines, {
 Accompanist, Margaret Railsback

Think all you speak, but speak not all ye think.—Dale Conn.



BACK ROW—Irene Smith, Bernice Lebie, Pauline Goken, Grace Goken, Lucile Baker, Beriah Thompson.
 SECOND ROW—Laura Barclay, Thelma Glenn, Clea Long, Mildred Jones, Florence Shaw.
 THIRD ROW—Thelma Smith, Elsie Polston, Edna Shaw, Charlotte Barclay, Lora Martin, Esther Baker, Helen Baker.
 FOURTH ROW—Miss Schunck, Pearl Long, Ethel Turner, Thelma Wilson, Jessie Baker, Margaret Kailshack, Carol Adams, Eileen Fleming, Areta Coffman.
 FRONT ROW—Floy Shimmann, Muriel Long, Aleta Glasgow, Harriet Roseman, Martha Turner, Irene Marsh, Bernice McBride, Doris Lisenby.



BACK ROW—Walter Dressler, Loren Richardson, James Baker, Willard Gift, Wayne Meredith, Dale Conn, Cecil Peacock, Russell Fullenwider, Howard Baker.

FRONT ROW—Miss Schmuck, Lester Glenn, George Johnson, Donald Lisenby, Paul King, Ivan Swearingen, Denzil Halcom, Henry Dawson, Vernelle Olson.





BACK ROW—Mr. Gauthier, Wayne Meredith, Max Goken, Walter Dressler, Kenneth Thurber, Willard Gift, Vernelle Gift, Donald Lisenby,
 SECOND ROW—Frank Black, Raymond Miller, Lester Glenn, Russell Fullenwider, Capt., Raymond West, Cecil Peacock, Paul King,
 FRONT ROW—Lester Thurber, Paul Jones, Lawrence Meredith, Denzil Halcorn, Vernelle Olson, Clarence Perkins.



The Field



FOOTBALL

THE TEAM AND LETTERMEN

Thurber,	End	Glenn,	Tackle
Goken,	Tackle	Dressler,	End
Fullenwider, Capt.,	Guard	Lisenby,	Quarter Back
Gift, W.,	Center	Miller,	Half Back
Gift, V.,	Guard	Meredith,	Half Back
Peacock,	Full Back		
Halcom, Half Back: Black, Half Back and Tackle.			



THE SEASON

N. T. H. S., 6—Alumni, 0

The season, was started brilliantly by a 6-0 victory over the Alumni, a team composed of former high school stars.

N. T. H. S., 0—Roosevelt (Decatur), 6

The next game did not fare so well, we lost because of the small amount of practice and the intense heat.

N. T. H. S., 0—Clinton, 12

Our next game showed that our team had football ability. Playing on a field covered with water and heavy mud, we lost to the hard hitting Clinton gang by one touchdown. Their other scoring came as the result of three blocked punts.

N. T. H. S., 0—Bethany, 7

N. T. H. S. had high hopes of winning this game. We repeatedly reeled off long runs, but a faltering offense within the opponent's ten yard line and a few bad breaks gave them the game.

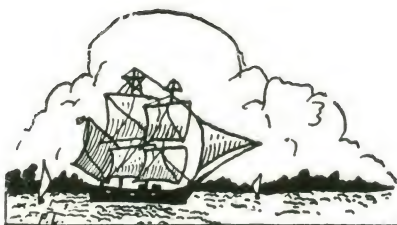
N. T. H. S., 0—Mowequa, 7

Mowequa lost but one game this season. Luck still seemed to be against Weldon. That famous "Fake end run" jinxed us again for seven points. It was a well played game and the issue in doubt until the final moments.

N. T. H. S., 7—Maroa, 6

We were placed upon the field with an evenly matched opponent. Again that "Fake end run," netted them the usual touchdown. We also tried a fake on an attempted

Intelligence is not her only virtue.—Louise Jammison.



65-yard place kick; the ball rolled across the Maroa goal line after having touched a Maroa back. Weldon recovered for a touchdown. We also kicked goal, giving us a 7-6 victory.

N. T. H. S., 0—Bement, 26

The next game proved to be our toughest. Outweighed, outplayed, outclassed, tells the story. Even then we held the hard hitting Okaw Valley 'Leven to a respectable score.

N. T. H. S., 6—Farmer City, 18

This being the last game of the season, we decided to put across a victory, however, a powerful neighbor rose to great heights and we played poor football. Our goal rushes were too late, time blew when we were within a few feet; or else our defense crumpled at the wrong time. Anyhow we were forced to bow to our old rivals, 18-6.

N. T. H. S., 6—Cerro Gordo, 6

A post season football game was scheduled on Thanksgiving day and the Nixon players loaded in a truck and left Weldon with whole heart and soul bent on a win. The roads were impassible and only after much pushing and plodding, did we finally disembark at Cerro Gordo.

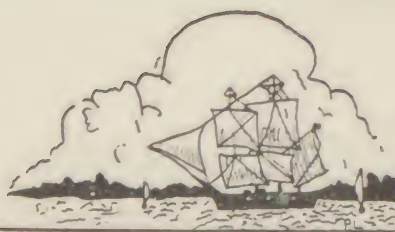
The mud was knee deep on the field and due to some excellent playing and some equally poor playing we emerged from the quagmire in a 6-6 tie. This was the last game for the following men. Capt. Fullenwider, Thurber, Gift, Dressler, and Meredith.

While we cannot predict a winning season next year, we can at least say that whatever games we play, we know the following men will do their share in upholding the prestige of the game and their high school, and we hope that their season will be a winner. Lisenby, Goken, Peacock, Gleim, King, Black, Perkins, Halcom, West, Olson, Miller, Long and several others will have a real hand in it. And BOY! Don't think they won't.

The Schedule

N. T. H. S., 6	Alumni,	0
N. T. H. S., 0	Roosevelt,	6
N. T. H. S., 0	Clinton,	12
N. T. H. S., 0	Bethany,	7
N. T. H. S., 0	Mowequa,	7
N. T. H. S., 7	Maroa,	6
N. T. H. S., 0	Bement,	26
N. T. H. S., 6	Farmer City,	18
N. T. H. S., 6	Cerro Gordo,	6
Total, 25		88

There surely must be some good, hard work in him for none ever came out.—Melvin Long.



"Russ"

"Walt"

"Merry"

"K. Y."

"Shifty"

SENIOR FOOTBALL BOYS

RUSSEL FULLENWIDER—Russel was the type of Captain that any school or coach could feel mighty proud of. He knew the rules of the game with the best of players as well as the fundamentals. His judgment in regard to penalties was always the best. He had natural football ability, keeping his opponents buffaloed to a frazzle, and always leading the battle. Weldon will miss this sturdy player in her football line-up next year.

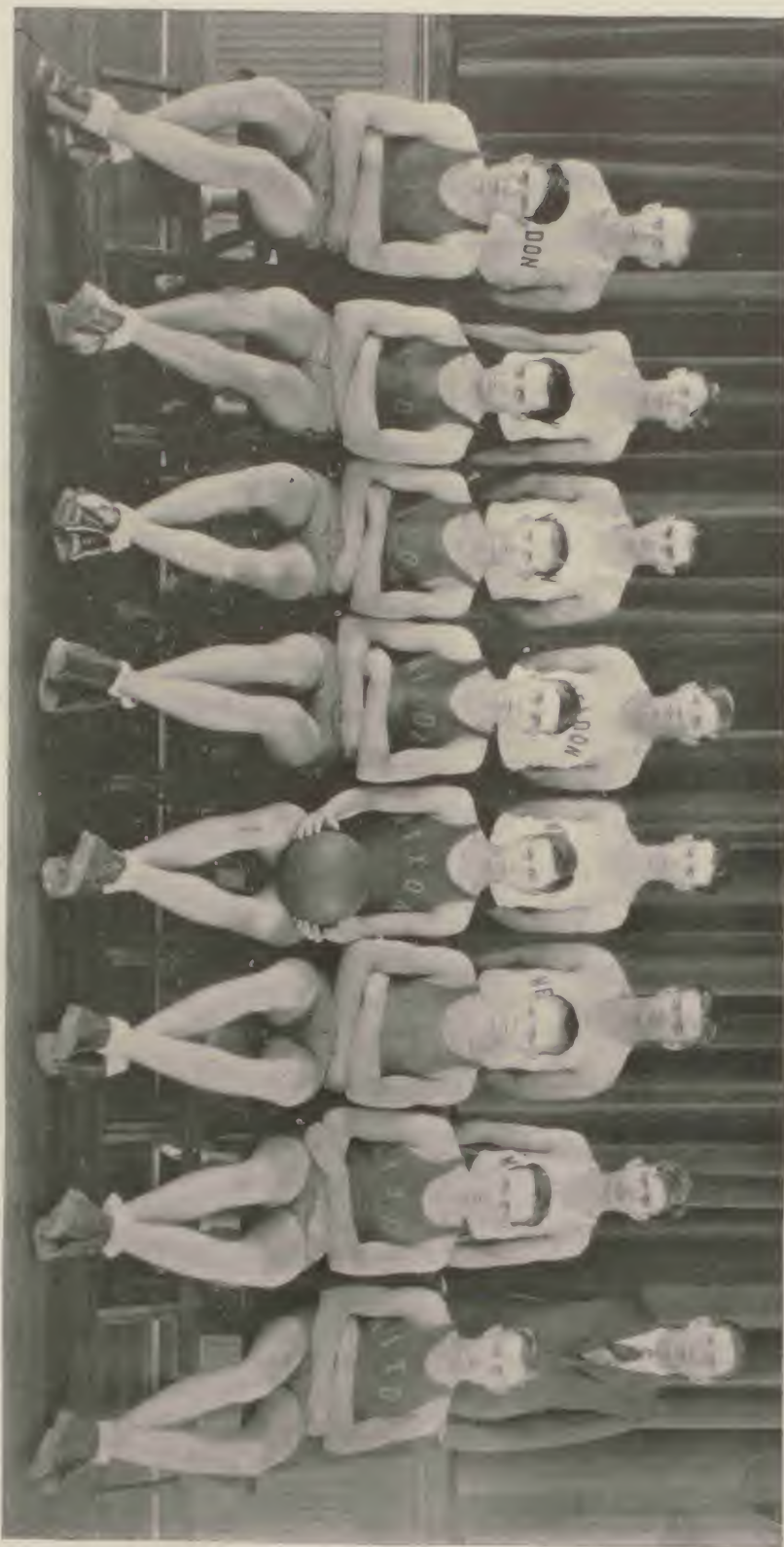
WALTER DRESSLER—"Walt," a steady high spirited player, was Nixon's general service player. He played End, Tackle, Guard, or Center, or where ever there was a demand for his needed service. He always filled the gap to perfection. Many of "Walt's" opponents were rattled by his continual banter and often were beside themselves with anger, which of course availed them nought.

WAYNE MEREDITH—Wayne seemed to possess an uncanny ability to "dope" plays and was there at the right time to stop end runs and cutbacks. His speed was a great asset. We only regret that he has played his last season for Nixon.

KENNETH THURBER—"K. Y." at the wing position developed rapidly, being a power on both offense and defense throughout the season. At line work on defense and getting down under the punts, "K. Y." did all that could be asked. He was also a utility man, being called back to drop kick on several occasions, which resulted in touchdowns against Farmer City and Maroa.

WILLARD GIFT—"Shifty" was a most dependable man at center. He knew football and played it consistently all season. His passes from center were accurate, the backs always felt confident that the ball would be at the right place at the right time. On defense he proved his versatility, often intercepting forward passes, and stopping fake plays.

He thinks of great things.—Denzil Halcom.



BACK ROW—Henry Dawson, Howard Baker, Frank Black, Vernelle Gift, Raymond West, George Johnson, Clarence Perkins, Mr. Gauthier.
 FRONT ROW—Willard Gift, Russell Pullenwider, Cecil Pearce, Kenneth Thirber, Wayne Meredith, Capt.; Walter Dressler, Donald Lisenby, Denzil Halcom.



BASKET BALL, '26-'27

Basket Ball during the year '26-'27 proved to be successful. Due to the fact that there was a large enrollment in the freshmen class, there was plenty of material for a good team and a fine surplus with which to have a strong second string.

The team during the first part of its schedule won more games than they did later in the season. At this time the players upon the floor were: Peacock and Lisenby, forwards; Thurber, center; Meredith and Goken, guards. Some felt that there was a great deal of basketball spirit lost during the closing weeks, which is undoubtedly true. Weldon was capable of better basket ball than was actually played.

The second team also had a good season. They were composed of freshmen, Black and Johnson, forwards; Gift, center; Dawson and West, guards. They gave many a team a stiff game and were successful in winning several.



THE COUNTY TOURNAMENT

The County Tournament was worked on the same plan this years as last year. Farmer City and Kenney played the two Weldon teams at Weldon; and Waynesville and Wapella played against the two Clinton teams at Wapella. The winners of each meet going into the championship round at Clinton the next evening.

Weldon entered the tourney with high hopes of repeating last year's performance by winning a championship.

The players were hampered with severe colds, some of them being on the sick list all week, yet they defeated Farmer City in the first game 26-18, while our seconds lost to Kenney in the second round.

That night in the Kenney game, Weldon piled up a comfortable lead in the first three quarters and through over-confidence Kenney was able to come back and defeat us 17-15 in the final minutes.

The next evening we met Wapella on the Clinton floor playing for third place and not being able to get organized we lost the decision, 33-11.

Goken was honored with a guard position on the second all-star selection.

Nixon, 19—Alumni, 9

We started the season with a bang when we met some of our Alma Mater's old stars in a fast game. They were no match for us in this game, and we won easily, 19-9.

Nixon, 15—Kenney, 5

The next game was with Kenney, and everything began to take on a rosy glow after we walked over them, 15-5. The game was slow and rough.

Nixon, 14—Argenta, 24

In this game we met a team with more basketball ability and as they had been

I wonder if the girls like me or my Dodge.—Vernelle Olson.



playing all fall, they defeated us in a fast, exciting game, 24-14. We couldn't handle the ball.

Nixon, 6—Clinton, 50

The Clinton game was our hardest scheduled game of the year, and as it later proved, it was our worst defeat. Handicapped by new and inexperienced men and some bad work on the part of our own men, we lost a tough game by a top heavy score of 50-6.

Nixon, 16—Waynesville, 6

After making our annual MUD DOBBER'S DRIVE to Waynesville, we defeated them on their own floor in a game with air-tight defense, 16-6.

Nixon, 25—Deland, 16

We still hold to our old idea that we are Deland's JINX. The roads being impassible and half of the high school followed the team via railroad and then that night after a stirring 25-16 victory, all the boosters and roosters scampered for home chaperoned by the able and foot weary Miss Langford, assisted by the Coach.

Nixon, 14—Kenney, 8

We defeated Kenney the second time on their home floor by a second half spurt in what was a rather slow uninteresting game.

Nixon, 21—Maroa, 20

If dope buckets were ever upset they were turned inside out because Weldon journeyed to Maroa minus a regular forward and guard and WON. Hopes of victory were low and things looked reversed. We defeated the highly touted tossers of Maroa in the best played game of the year, winning by a lone point margin, 20-21.

Nixon, 19—Farmer City, 14

This game came close to being a Sunday game of basket ball. Farmer City arrived here about six hours late, and the game was finished about midnight. We handed them their first defeat of the season in a 19-14 package.

Nixon, 31—Waynesville, 10

With our team scoring almost at will and using our entire second team we easily defeated Waynesville in the first game after the county tournament by a 31-10 score.

Nixon, 13—Beason, 46

The hardest part of our schedule was on. We travelled to Beason to get a 46-13 trimming. They were a foxy crew.

Nixon, 11—Mt. Pulaski, 41

The team went along with the orchestra to prove to Pulaski that we have a better B. B. team than we are credited with. But we fell by a 41-11 score on the meanest floor in Illinois. The musical exhibition was fine.



Nixon, 9—Beason, 26

Beason came to Weldon for a return game. Victory looked possible to us at the half, but the final score attached Beason to the 26 and Weldon to the 9. At that the game was a dandy and better than the score indicates.

Nixon, 15—Mt. Pulaski, 17

Those last quarter rallies were our Jinx this year. After leading Pulaski for better than three quarter, they spoiled our margin and took the lead to win by sinking some late shots.

Nixon, 12—Farmer City, 9

After playing on a floor with no ceiling we were familiar with, one with four posts, so we took the inhabitants of Farmer City for a ride—making it three straight times we had won this season. 12-9.

Nixon, 9—Argenta, 17

Our Firday afternoon tea session called for bad roads, and we had them. Impassible for cars—train connections were out of the question, so Coach Gauthier chartered that noble animal the horse and its half-cousin, the mule, for the voyage. And the covered wagon went with the explorers. After sailing for four days and four hours, we sighted land, but it was too late. Argenta had what they called a basket ball game, but what we called a six-man offense with the referee bearing the brunt of the Argenta attack. And we lost in a decision contest by a 17-9 score.

Nixon, 9—Clinton, 33

Usually when we can score more than nine points, we stand a chance of winning a game, but then this was our last game at home, and the last appearance of five senior boys. The boys did their best against a better team and lost 33-9.

Nixon, 13—Tolono, 27

We drew Tolono in the District Tournament which was at Monticello. They were of unknown strength to us, but we were determined to do our best. Injuries sustained in the class tournament hampered us and we were badly out of form and so they wrote our name for the last time this year in the loss column. This was the last game for Kenneth Thurber, Walter Dressler, Capt. Wayne Meredith, Russell Fullenwider and Willard Gift.

Season's Record

Score, N.T.H.S.	Opponent	Score	Place
19	Alumni	9	Home
15	Kenney	5	Home
14	Argenta	24	Home
6	Clinton,	50	Away
16	Waynesville	6	Away
25	Deland	15	Away
14	Kenney	8	Away

His actions speak much stronger than my pen.—Henry Dawson.



21	Maroa	20	Away
19	Farmer City	14	Home
26	Farmer City	18	Home
15	Kemey	17	Home
11	Wapella	33	Away
31	Waynesville	10	Home
13	Beason	46	Away
11	Mt. Pulaski	41	Away
12	Farmer City	9	Away
9	Beason.	26	Home
15	Mt. Pulaski	17	Home
21	Deland	11	Home
9	Argenta	17	Away
9	Clinton	33	Home
13	Tolono	27	Away
Total 334		Opponents 456	

WON, 11—LOST, 11.



WAYNE MEREDITH—The captain and in consequence one of the most valuable men on the squad will be lost when this sterling player graduates this spring. He has stood the pounding of four years of varsity competition and has been a star on offense and defense. He will leave a real gap.

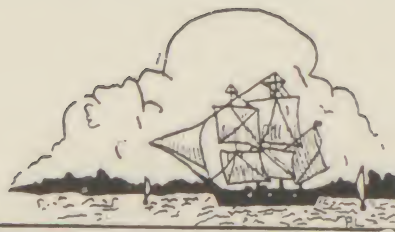
WALTER DRESSLER—A senior who developed into a basket ball player. "Walt" is a good illustration of what the stick-to-it spirit can do for a player. At the close of our season he was going great guns and was devoted to the center berth—too bad Walt, you found yourself so late.

KENNETH THURBER—No one knew K Y until the Deland second game last year, when he began to ring up baskets with astonishing regularity. Since then that big Weldon player has received his share of attention from our opponents. K Y deserves all the praise we can heap upon him. He was a dependable player.

RUSSELL FULLENWIDER—A first line guard in the closing stretches of the year. Russ was recognized as a player of grit and combativeness. When the extra effort was needed, Russ was the one who carried the banner on defense, and he played a fine guard game.

WILLARD GIFT—Shifty was found when wanted and not often "wanting." He was a capable, strong, persistent player. With a wide range, a good stance, and a desire to make good where ever played. He will be missed in the next season's line-up.

There is a deal of deviltry neath this mixed exterior.—Ray Miller.



THE CLASS TOURNAMENT

The annual interclass basketball tournament was held a week before the District Meet. After some hard, fast and interesting games the Senior boys won the Boys' division. The Junior boys placed second and the Freshmen, third.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| (1) Juniors (36) } |Juniors | (2) Seniors 37 } |Seniors |
| Sophomores 9) } | | Freshmen (18) } | |
| (3) Winner Game 1 (35) } |Juniors, 21 | } (6) Champions | |
| Loser Game 2 (12) } | | | |
| (4) Winner Game 2 (54) } |Seniors, 22 | | |
| Loser Game 1 (6) } | | | |
| (5) Loser Game 3 (26) } |Freshmen—Third Place | | |
| Loser Game 4 (6) } | | | |

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls' Athletics began in earnest about November first, under the direction of Mrs. Shaw. Classes were organized from the personnel of the school—all the girls participated with the exception of those excused on grounds of physical unfitness. The two groups or classes were divided chronologically—the Seniors and Juniors comprising one group and the underclassmen, the other.

The program of class procedure began with drills, calisthenics, and games. As winter and the Basket Ball season were near at hand each group played Basket Ball part of the time. There was considerable enthusiasm manifested in this sport. Each class organized a team which under the leadership of the captain, entered the Girls' Inter-Class Basket Ball Tournament. The pairings were as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| (1) Seniors } |Seniors | } (3) Champions, Sophomores |
| Juniors } | | |
| (2) Freshmen } |Sophomores | |
| Sophomores } | | |

The Freshmen team was comprised of Helen Shinneman, Captain; Floy Shinneman, Mildred Jones, Lera Martin, and Thelma Wilson. Sophomores—Doris Lisenby, Captain; Areta Coffman, Bonnie Ayers, Celesta Hiter, Ethel Turner. Juniors—Lela Rainey, Captain; Harriet Roseman, Florence Shaw, Pauline Goken, Louise Jamison. Seniors—Bernice Bobie, Captain; Pearl Long, Irene Smith, Jessie Baker, and Carol Adams.

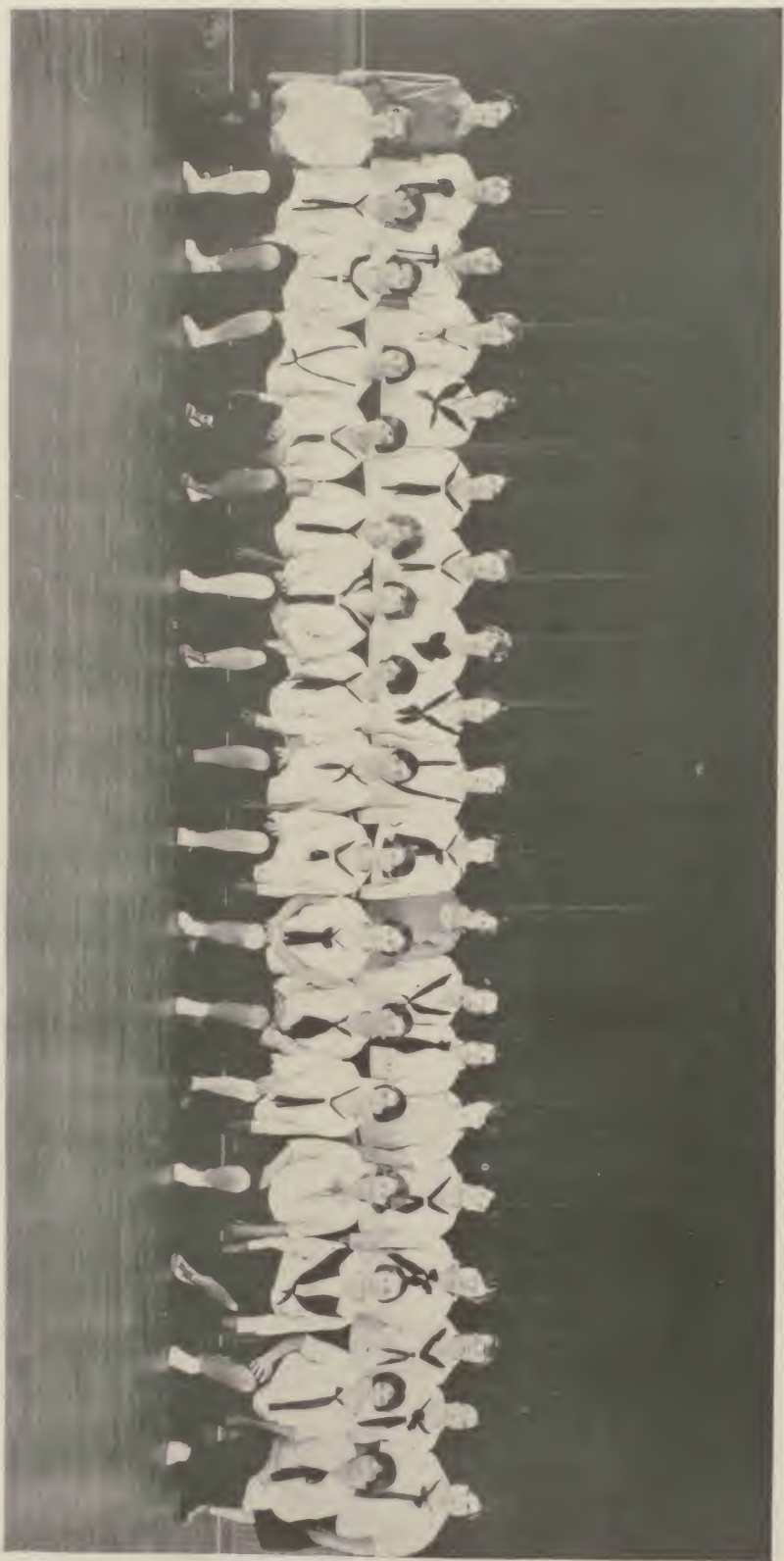
During the spring season, hurdling was practiced indoors until weather permitted the classes outside.

Folk Dancing, High Jumping, Somersaults, Base Ball, Tennis and Track were all played at various times.

Chest measurements were instituted to see what expansion each girl could produce. From time to time more data was taken. In the earlier measurements, most girls had only one-eighth to one inch expansion. Later measurements increased them to three, four and five inches, showing a remarkable development.

The girls looked forward to this recreational class from which they received innumerable benefits.

Fussed for five years and still fussing.—Esther Baker.



BACK ROW—Mrs. Shaw, Grace Goken, Pauline Goken, Lucile Baker, Louise Jamison, Helen Shinneman, Esther Baker, Jessie Baker

Margaret Kailshack, Doris Lisculy, Thelma Wilson, Winifred Crowe, Martha Turner, Beniah Thompson, Edna Shaw, Ethel Turner,
Bernice Olson, Areta Coffman, Irene Smith, Bernice McBride.

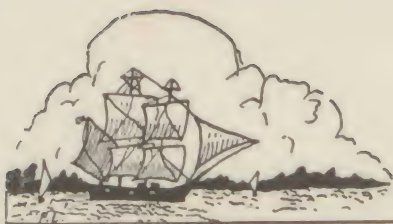
FRONT ROW—Aleta Glasgow, Ersa Followell, Clea Long, Lotis Leary, Blanche Crowe, Irene Penceck, Laura Barclay, Grace Baker,
Bernice Rebie, Dorothy Hiler, Leta Martin, Eloy Shinneman, Eva Baker, Florence Shaw, Harriet Rosenman, Muriel Long, Inez
Roberts.



CALENDAR

- September 6—School begins . . . Forty-five freshies.
 September 7—Football boys out for practice.
 September 14—Mr. Merry arrives. Music Day.
 September 16—First Boys' Glee Club practice. Sweet sounds emerge from the music room below.
 September 17—Teachers' Reception. Enjoyable program.
 September 18—First football game of the season with Decatur at Decatur.
 September 20-24—Secters am a buzzin round de honeysuckle vines (Students). Students resemble dogs (?) more than honeysuckle vines. Miss Langford prescribes a remedy, namely, Sloan's Liniment. Mr. Shaw starts ninth hour—"The following are the ones which I have selected as being eligible."
 September 25—Football game with Clinton.
 September 27—Rain! Rain! MORE RAIN! Month breaks record for real rain. Last record was in '98. Juniors receive class rings.
 September 28—A certain senior has a birthday but will not tell her age ? ? ? ? ?
 September 29—Dull monotony.
 October 1—Ditto. Just a month gone. More rain. If it keeps on, we'll all have to learn to swim.
 October 2—Football game at Moweaqua.
 October 4—Classes as usual.
 October 5-9—Teachers' Institute. Also vacation for students.
 October 9—Football game with Maroa. HOT SPIT! First victory of the season.
 October 11—Seniors start work on play, "Mystery of the Third Gable."
 October 12—Flags are out in honor of Columbus.
 October 13—Pictures taken—If photographer's camera is still in good shape, it will be the eighth wonder of the world.
 October 14—Girls' Glee Club furnish music for W. C. T. U. Convention at M. P. church.
 October 15—Football game with Bement.
 October 20-21—Halloween parties, usual destruction, etc.
 October 29—Afternoon—football game at Farmer City. Evening—Sophomores give Chantauqua, also a popularity contest. Nellie Adams, Martha Turner and Pearl Long were the most popular girls in each of the classes; Freshmen, Junior and Senior respectively. Pearl receiving the most votes, which made her the most popular girl in N. T. H. S.
 November 1—Two months of school gone.
 November 11—Armistice Day.
 November 12—Seniors present play, "The Mystery of the Third Gable." Adjudged a success. (HOWLING)
 November 19—Teachers' meeting at Champaign, also orchestra furnishes music at Fathers and Sons' banquet. Also vacation.
 November 22—Former class-mate rejoins us.
 November 27—Basket ball game with Alumni and Cisco, first team.
 November 29—Back in school quite recovered from the effects of holiday feasting.
 November 30—Classes as usual.
 December 1—Ditto. Three months of school gone.
 December 3—General consternation as the curtain falls on the 2nd six weeks period of

Nobody knows it, but once I was bashful.—Doris Lisenby.



first semester.

December 7—Juniors present play, "Patty Makes Things Hum." A good crowd considering the roads.

December 9—Freshmen are writing to Santa Claus. The following is an extract from one: "Dear Santa, I want to make out a new order as I just found all the things I asked for under mom's bed."

December 18—"Patty Makes Things Hum" repeated. Fairly well attended. Good performance both times.

December 20—We drew names.

December 21—Christmas crazy classes.

December 22—Christmas program. Distribution of presents by 'ol Santa.

Dismissal—Hurrah! Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

January 4—School starts again. Teachers and pupils besmirched with new year's resolutions.

January 5—We're wondering if Dean still thinks there is a Santa Claus.

January 6—Bang all our resolutions go to O.

January 7—Sleighbing party.

January 12—Weather-Sleet.

January 13—Snow bound! Pooh! We didn't know what snow was until now.

January 21-22—County Tournament.

February 2—Ground Hog Day. I guess the old boy saw his shadow.

February 3—We've begun to think that spring IS Coming.

February 4—Game with Beason at Beason.

February 7—Off for Pulaski. Orchestra concert and basket ball.

February 8—Students return enthused over newly maid and mister acquaintance.

February 15—Game with Beason at Weldon.

February 22—Mt. Pulaski returns the call.

February 28—Game with Clinton, also Free Throw exhibition from Sophomore girls.

March 2-4—Class Tournament. First place to Soph. Girls and the Senior Boys

March 11-13—District Tournament. Nosed out again.

March 17—Wearing the Green.

March 21—Spring is HERE.

March 22—Discard the flannels.

April 1—School in an uproar.

April 8—"The Belle of Barcelona." Good crowd considering weather.

"April showers bring May flowers,"—also a lot of muddy tracks on the corridor and dressing room floor," says Mr. Bebie.

April 26—Second performance of "The Belle of Barcelona." Both successful.

May 6—Junior-Senior Reception.

May 14—Senior Class Play, "It Looks Like Rain." The climax of a very successful season—a success and HOW.

May 21—Alumni Banquet.

May 22—Baccalaureate.

May 24—Class NITE.

May 27—Commencement.

And now, good friends, we'll bid all adieu,
For in this Calendar, I've tried to give to you
The most essential facts of '26 and '27.

—Irene F. Smith, '27.

The wooer of Mart—and others.—Ray Miller.



ALFRED BEBIE

Always chasing dirt is Alfred, he
 Likes clean shoes and his never weary hands
 Foils rust and ruin, and he is obliged to
 Remake our floors,
 Endures mud, and it keeps him
 Dusting eternally.

Be sure you
 Enter our sanctum
 Bright and early,
 In order to
 Entice a smile on the face of our janitor.

Consumption of the purse is incurable.—Vernelle Gift.



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT, MRS. V. L. SHINNEMAN
VICE-PRESIDENT, W. H. GRAY
SECRETARY, JUANITA MARTIN
TREASURER, GERTRUDE MARSH

Class of 1918

Lola A. Emery, student, Normal, Illinois
C. C. Gray, pharmacist, Canton, Illinois
W. H. Gray, banker, Weldon, Illinois
Clarence Keele, civil service, married, Weldon, Illinois
Mildred Saylor, Mrs. Harry Goble, Weldon, Illinois
V. L. Shinneman, groceryman, married, Weldon, Illinois

Class of 1919

Charles Adams, salesman, married Bloomington, Illinois
Beatrice Bales, Mrs. Rex Garrett, Weldon, Illinois
Gladys Hunt, Mrs. Walter Marvel, Clinton, Illinois
Velda Hunt, Mrs. Elmer Mix, DeLand, Illinois
Ray Olson, travelling collector, Decatur, Illinois

Class of 1920

Ira L. Richardson, First National Bank, Springfield, Illinois
Opal I. Emery, student, Normal, Illinois
Ernest Dickey, student, married, Normal, Illinois
Florence McKown, Mrs. V. L. Shinneman, Weldon, Illinois
Clarence Galaway, farmer, married, DeLand, Illinois

Class of 1921

Florence Baker, Mrs. Clarence Galaway, DeLand, Illinois
Lois Ennis, Mrs. Elmo Galaway, Warrensburg, Illinois
Ruby Gray, Mrs. Ray O'Daffer, Weldon, Illinois
Ollie Roben, nurse, Decatur, Illinois
Paul Peterson, farmer, married, Clinton, Illinois
Cora Swearingen, Mrs. Harry Clifton, Decatur, Illinois
Sarah Montgomery, New York
William Montgomery, I. C. shops, Clinton, Illinois

Why worry?—Clarence Perkins.



Class of 1922

Edna Baker, student,	Urbana, Illinois
Verneda Glenn, teacher,	Weldon, Illinois
Opal Gray, art teacher,	Springfield, Illinois
Gertrude Marsh, primary teacher,	Weldon, Illinois
Don Mire, brickmason, married,	Decatur, Illinois
Clara Parr, Mrs. Ernest Dickey,	Weldon, Illinois
Leona Roben, Mrs. C. H. Miller,	Goosecreek, Texas
Voyle Roberts, farmer, married,	Lane, Illinois
Ura Shearer, teacher,	Weldon, Illinois
Ethel Smith, nurse	Decatur, Illinois
Maree Marsh, Mrs. R. A. Lynn,	Deceased

Class of 1923

Howard Burton, married, farmer,	Weldon, Illinois
Pearl Conover, stenographer,	Decatur, Illinois
Manila Danison, Mrs. G. W. Hedburg,	Danville, Illinois
Ava Ennis, student,	Champaign, Illinois
Cleo Long,	Chicago, Illinois
Corwin Miller, orchestra,	Champaign, Illinois
Sylvia Mire, Meuller Mfg. Co.,	Decatur, Illinois
Ada Perkins, Mrs. Morris McKown,	Decatur, Illinois
Lucille Redding, Mrs. Fred McKown,	Decatur, Illinois
Marie Shinneman, Mrs. Robert Elliot,	Tampa, Florida
Owen Tilbury, student,	Normal, Illinois
Walter West, Weldon Lumber Co.,	Weldon, Illinois
Lela Wise, Mrs. Burnett Goken,	Weldon, Illinois

Class of 1924

Elsie Bebie, telephone operator,	Weldon, Illinois
Elda Despain, Mrs. Benton Granley,	Holder, Illinois
Erma Dickey, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Lewis Edwards, pharmacist,	Decatur, Illinois
Arthur Ennis, student,	Champaign, Illinois
Laura Foote, stenographer,	Detroit, Michigan
Marjorie Fullenwider, nurse,	Decatur, Illinois
Frances Galaway, teacher,	Weldon, Illinois
Opal Geer, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Roy Geer, salesman,	Chicago, Illinois
Earle Hunt, painter,	Detroit, Michigan
Lucille Hunt, Mrs. Howard Burton,	Weldon, Illinois
Marjie Mattix, Mrs. Earle Hunt,	Detroit, Michigan
Glenn McConkey, student,	Normal Illinois
Ethel Meredith, Mrs. Ernest Mast,	Danville, Illinois
Loraine Olson, Mrs. Phillip Foote,	Detroit, Michigan
Altha Rainey, teacher	Weldon, Illinois
Roy Wilson, teacher,	DeWitt, Illinois
Mildred Baker, at home,	Weldon, Illinois

This world belongs to the energetic.—Lela Rainey.



Class of 1925

Pauline Marvel student,	Evanston, Illinois
Phillip Foote, Eppinger Sporting Goods Co.,	Detroit, Michigan
Lotis Hunt, Mrs. Kenneth McConkey,	Weldon, Illinois
Paul Walden, student,	Normal, Illinois
Frances Fleming, student,	Urbana, Illinois
Glenn Tilbury, student,	Normal, Illinois
Nora Bennet,	Glasport, Indiana
Kenneth McConkey, teacher, married	Weldon, Illinois

Class of 1926

Vera Baker, student,	Normal, Illinois
Mable Glasgow, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Wayne King, telegrapher,	Weldon, Illinois
Margaret Carr, student	Normal Illinois
Ruth Dressler, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Harry Wise, farmer,	Weldon, Illinois
Lela Roseman, student,	Normal, Illinois
Helen Baker, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Lewis Peacock, salesman,	Chicago, Illinois
Lena Bebie, telephone operator,	Weldon, Illinois
Page Hoops, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Jeanette Rhodes, Meullers Mfg. Co.,	Decatur, Illinois
Juanita Martin, student,	Urbana, Illinois
Lester Baker, student,	Decatur, Illinois
Ula Whitehead, student,	Urbana, Illinois
Mildred Peterson, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Vaughn Edwards, student,	Valpariso, Indiana
Gladys Peterson, at home,	Weldon, Illinois
Ike Reinhart, farmer, married,	DeLand, Illinois



THE PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The officers and committee chairmen for 1926-1927 are: President, Mrs. C. Reeser; Vice-President, Mrs. Lisenby; Secretary, Mrs. C. Danison; Treasurer, Mr. Shaw; Program Chairman, Mrs. M. Mire; Music, Mrs. V. Shinneman; Membership, Mrs. Roseman.

Before the opening of school in the fall the P. T. A. co-operated with the Weldon Woman's Club in the physical examination of children who were to enter the primary class. Fourteen children were examined. We plan to hold the examination in May this year.

The annual reception for the teachers was held in September at the High School Gymnasium and was well attended.

Music for the various meetings has been furnished by the high school and grade students and by Miss Schmuck. Our book "The Child, His Nature and His Needs," furnished material for papers and discussion. We have purchased song books, and hope some day to be able to sing. A new constitution conforming to the model in the Hand Book has been adopted. The question box is a feature of each meeting.

On December 21st a Christmas program was given by the students of both schools. A free will offering was taken which was used to purchase Christmas gifts and articles of clothing for needy children of the community. The High School and Junior Orchestras, directed by Mr. Merry, played several selections that were much appreciated. The Nixon Society presented a scene from "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Miss Pauline Marvel sang a very pleasing solo. Christmas carols completed the program. Miss Schmuck had worked tirelessly training the pupils of both schools in the singing of these carols and their young voices rang out with an enthusiasm which was inspiring.

The P. T. A. and the Woman's Club co-operated in their program for February 4th. Two one-act plays were presented—"Our Aunt from California" and "The Burglar." The pupils of the third and fourth grades, directed by Mrs. Mire, presented a group of folk dances. The entire program was enjoyable, and the audience highly appreciative.

At the March meeting Reverend Kidd's talk on "The Moral Culture of the Child," was one which should have been heard by every parent in this community. The other special features of this meeting were the talk by Dr. Marvel on "Mental Hygiene" and the spelling match.

Article 2 of our new by-laws reads: "The object of this association shall be: 1—To promote child welfare in home, school, church and community; to raise the standards of home life; to secure more adequate laws for the care and protection of women and children. 2—To bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may co-operate intelligently in the training of the child; to develop between educators and the general public such united efforts as will secure for every child the highest advantage in physical, mental, moral and spiritual education."

Every member of this township who believes in the purpose herein expressed is invited to join us to help make our organization effective—a vital force in the community for the welfare of our boys and girls.

We all agree the maiden is small, yet in her heart there's room for all.—Floy Shinneman.



JESSE H. McBRIDE

ELMER LONG

DR. A. V. FOOTE

WELDON GRADE SCHOOL

On Monday, September 6, the Weldon Grade School opened for a term of eight and a half months. The faculty was as follows: Everett Reeves, principal, and seventh and eighth grade teacher; Miss Nellie Benson, fifth and sixth grade teacher; Mrs. Mabel Mire, third and fourth grade teacher; Miss Gertrude Marsh, first and second grade teacher; Miss Laura Schmuck, vocal instructor, and Harry Merry, orchestral instructor.

Because of ill health, Mr. Reeves gave up his school work in February. After reorganizing the faculty, Miss Benson was principal and seventh and eighth grade teacher and Kenneth McConkey was fifth and sixth grade teacher. Some departmental work was done in the six upper grades: Miss Benson teaching geography, Mrs. Mire, reading, and Mr. McConkey, arithmetic.

The enrollment was 114 pupils. Nineteen were neither absent nor tardy during the year. Their names are: Junior Followell, Eleanor Field, Eileen Workman, Leon Danison, Phyllis Coffman, Rose Mary Miller, Ida Black, Ora Followell, Florence Black, Thelma Followell, Vernelle Workman, Chas. Workman, Leo Workman, Donald King, Virgil Long, Evelyn Benson, Virginia Gray, Freda Peterson, and Gertrude Redding. Perfect attendance pins were given to Eleanor Field, Florence Black, Ida Black, Thelma Followell, Gertrude Redding, Evelyn Benson, and Lyle Shinneman.

The school was represented in the county spelling contest by Virginia Gray and Margaret Edwards. Phyllis Coffman was given a perfect spelling pin for having 600 perfect lessons in spelling.

In athletic work, a tennis association was organized, also a boys' basket ball team with Richard Railsback as captain.

The grade school and high school combined in giving a Christmas program at the high school on December 21. The primary room gave a little playlet and the other rooms took part in the singing of carols. The third and fourth grades have given many folk dancing numbers for Parent-Teachers' meetings.

The final examinations were held May 16. School ended with the commencement exercises on May 20, when the following pupils were given their eighth grade diplomas: Lyle Shinneman, Dorothy Cotton, Eunice Baker, Virginia Gray, Richard Railsback, John Brown, and Margaret Edwards.

Don't mind taking a chance.—Lera Martin.



EVERETT REEVES
Deceased

NELLIE BENSON
7th and 8th Grades

MABEL MIRE
3rd and 4th Grades

GERTRUDE MARSH
1st and 2nd Grades

EVERETT REEVES

"The dust of years I gently blow
From these homely things you once mislaid;
And I shall let them live again
In a memory you made."

The entire community was shocked when the news of Mr. Reeves' passing came to them. His transition, the vivid and too sudden unveiling of a great tragedy, cannot but leave those of us who honored and respected him with a great sense of loneliness and emptiness. "After the storm, the calm; the greater its havoc the more tense its grey quietness."

It was ours to see the bright colors of his artistry, a painter unafraid of his powers, and what he has painted comes to us in all its singular character and beauty. It is a silent tribute to the unflinching love of duty and his own great sense of responsibility that we say this. It is for us who learned with him to say, "The footprints of the mighty are plain to be seen—we will stride in your stride for it was the span of a man."



KENNETH McCONKEY, 5th and 6th Grades.

Does her part and willingly.—Miss Roberts.



TOP ROW—Emma Miller, Ethel Goken, John Brown, Richard Railsback, Clarence Goken, Thomas Brown, Charles Baker, Eunice Baker, Dorothy Cotton, Margaret Edwards.
SECOND ROW—Evelyn Benson, Mildred Brown, Gertrude Redding, Billie Thompson, Bernard Johnson, Lyle Shinneman, Maree Edwards, Freda Peterson, Virginia Gray, Fern Goken.
FRONT ROW—Loyd Shinneman.



TOP ROW—Bernice Redding, Freda Edwards, Martha Perkins, Ida Black, Bernice Peacock, Hubert Lisenby, Ora Followell, Virgil Long, Margaret Brown, Harold Reaser, Arthur McNichols, Charles Workman.
BOTTOM ROW—Thelma Followell, Pearl West, Ruth Perkins, Rachel Long, Margaret Green, Florence Black, Donald King, Vernelle Workman, Charles Smith, Leo Workman.



TOP ROW—Leota Brown, Jean Clemons, Leon Danison, Virgil Glasgow, Mary Brown, William Miller, Hester Long, Lawrence Brown, Lyle Reeser, Leota Monkman.
LOWER ROW—Frederick Thompson, Benlah Redding, Iola Fugate, Lester Goken, Rosa Mary Miller, Thomas Edwards, Phyllis Coffman, Eileen Workman, Colin Reeves, Eleanor Field.



TOP ROW—Bobby Keel, James West, Margaret Sutherland, Junior Dawson, Lee Baker, Dorothy Brown, Bill Holtfretter, Junior Followell.
SECOND ROW—Glenn Smith, Maxine Perkins, David Houston, Errald Wilson, Lloyd Reeser, Dale Long, Richard Reeves, Mildred Perkins, Edith Fugate.
FRONT ROW—Marvin Miller, Richard Swearingen, Freda Thompson, Helena Miller, Dean Shinneman, Eileen Darsham, Cecil Brown, Harold West, Dwain Redding, Elizabeth Peacock, Junior Long.

Others enrolled but not in the picture: Esther Walker, Dorothy Moody, Evelyn Moody, Gladys Monkman, Mildred Ruble, Goldie Spicer, Archie Spicer, Earthel Tompkions, James McKee.



GRADE BASKET BALL BOYS

TOP ROW—Lyle Shinneman, Charles Baker, Ora Followell, Bernard Johnson.

BOTTOM ROW—John Brown, Richard Rallsback, Clarence Goken.

Life is pleasant to me.—Wilmoth Crowe.



MONKEY BUSINESS

On the light, fantastic toe.—Beulah Thompson.



JOKES

James Baker—"Please, Mister, give me another box of those pills which I got for my mother, yesterday."

Mr. McNichols—"I sure will, but did your mother say she liked them?"

James B.—"No, sir, but they just fit my air gun."

Max G.—"Where did the car hit me?"
Shaw—"At the conjunction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae."

Max G.—"Man, I've lived in Wellon all my life, and I never heard of that place."

Force of Habit

Leland C.—"I didn't know Brown had twins."

Paul K.—"My Goodness! He married a telephone girl, and of course, she gave him the wrong number."

A Problem in Chemistry

Walter R.—"Dearest, our engagement is off. A fortune teller just told me that I was to marry a blonde in a month."

Muriel Long—"Oh, that's all right. I can be a blonde in a month."

Perk—"I'm going up to the jail. I want to talk to the bandit who took my car."

Dale P.—"What's the use?"

Perk—"Maybe he'll tell me how he got fifty miles an hour out of her."

Natural ?????

Miss Boyd (In American History class)
—"Which paper would you boys prefer to choose your Current Events from."

Walter D.—"The funny paper."

Misdirected Endearments

Harriet R.—"I always kiss the stamps on your letters because I know that your lips touched them."

Wayne M.—"My! My! And to think I dampened them on Fido's nose."

A successful monopolist is a man who gets an elbow on each arm of his theatre chair.—Cecil Peacock.

Doctor Foote—"Here is something strange. You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."

Howard B.—"I think you have struck my collar button, Doc."

Seen in an English Paper—"The most amazing sight I ever saw, was the skyscrapers of New York crossing the Hudson River on a ferry boat."

Mr. Shaw—"This gas is deadly poison. What steps would you take if it should escape?"

Paul K.—"Long ones."

Max—"Is May in?"

Maid—(Laughing) "May who?"

Max—(Peeved) "Mayonnaise."

Maid—(Shutting door). "Mayonnaise is dressing."

Manly Defiance

Shaw—"Did you collect that bill?"

Gauthier—"No, sir. He kicked me down a flight of stairs."

Shaw—"You go back and get that money. I'll show him he can't scare me"

Though small in size, is wondrous wise.—Eva Baker.



Exam and Other Ations (Tonic-Cranberry Sauce)

The teacher weirdly announced the oncoming terror-examination. Horror reigns supreme with the tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth. Consternation! The weary student bestirs himself and begins to study. Preparation! From heretofore neglected volumes he acquired much knowledge. Annexation! 'Tis midnight before exams, but mercy, the algebraic formulas are not yet learned. Desperation! He already notices the effect. Suffocation! But, alas, and alack, this League of Ations brings him no Salvation, for in the period of exam (where he knows nothing) he suffers Annihilation!

Advice From Senior Boys

After all, its funny how
Easy girlies are to win,
Tell each one that she's a wow!
Use your chins, boys, use your chins!
You will throw 'em for a loss
Without spending dough or toil;
If you feed 'em Applesauce
Thinned down with Banana Oil!

Lela Rainey—"I hear Shaw can't get along with his wife?"

Pearl Long—"Nonsense! Where there's a will there's a way!"

Lela Rainey—"Not in this case—it's where there is a will, there's a won't."

A Washington scientist claims to have discovered that the earth does not weigh 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons as has been reported. If we have been given short weight, we certainly ought to have a refund.

Her Social Success

Mother—"Well, dear, did you have a lot of attention paid to you at the party?"

Inez R.—"Some, mama. Two little boys made faces at me."

PLEASE! SOMEBODY tell James Baker what battle General Reference fought in.

Hee-Haw!

Don L.—"Are you really a veterinary surgeon?"

Walter D.—"Why do you ask me. Are you ill?"

Overlooked

Mildred J.—"I paid my fourth visit to the beauty shop today!"

Doris L.—"Strange you can't seem to get waited on."

Weather Permitting

Personally, we favor clean football, but we can't have it on muddy days.
—Clinton C. H. S.

Lester's Alibi

Miss Langford—"Lester, why are you not writing?"

Lester G.—"I ain't got no pen."

Miss Langford—"Where's your grammar?"

Lester G.—"She's dead."

Arete C. says—"If patrimony is the inheritance you receive from your father, is matrimony what you receive from your mother?"

Salesman—"Mornin'!"

Shaw—"Mornin'!"

Salesman—"Somethin'?"

Shaw—"Nothin'."

Salesman—"Mornin'."

Mr. Merry—"Are you sure your wife knows I'm coming home with you to dinner?"

Shaw—"She ought to. I argued with her for a whole hour about it."

I speak what I think.—Arete Coffman.



19 NIXONIA 27

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C. C. LISENBY, Asst. Cashier

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Frank Galaway, W. H. Conn,
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Established 1887
CAPITAL \$25,000.00

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"If you're anxious to add to your savings
Just live on a little bit less;
Your 'Earnings' are not so important,
It's the 'Savings' that count for success."

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He works with a will.—Howard Baker.



R. J. Railsback

R. W. Railsback

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Compliments and Best Wishes—

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of



Table Syrups
(Four Flavors)

Salad and
Cooking Oil

The girls haven't found him yet.—Roy Smith



Junior Snap Shot



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Bloomington, Illinois

There is no rest for the wicked.—Frank Black.



Sophomore Snap Shots



H. B. LUNDH & SON

JEWELERS

—and—

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MYERS BROS.

Clinton, Illinois

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And Up-to-Date Young
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She stoops for nothing but the door.—Miss Boyd.



Freshies

Over from the woods we came with a cheer,
To work like the deuce for the rest of the year;
To meet the new problems and give 'em a slap,
And knock 'em and bang 'em and lay 'em out flat.

To kick 'em and scratch 'em and treat 'em right rough
And show upper classmen we can win without bluff;
Now don't understand, please, that we're like the Turk,
That never did anything else but work.

But we're full of fun from bottom to top,
And we'll send old man gloom for a whirligig flop.
For gloom in our high school, north, south, west or east,
Would be a tragedy to say the least.

Hear YE!

The moon shone through the window,
To add unto his sorrow;
His face hid in the pillow—
He preyed out for the morrow.
The cause of all this grieving
And cursing over his plight,
Was she who said that evening,
"I've got a date to-night."

—Harold Rainey

The following letter accompanied the poem:

Dere Editor, Sir.:

i wish u wood publikate this enclosed pome as it is all tru. i am thee man in the storee, and wish to tell u mi trubbles. i am desperitly in luv with Irene Peacock but when i ask her four a date Vernelle Gift has already beet me to it. what shall i do? answer at oncee.

Harold Rainey

Miss Langford—"Who were the four horsemen?"

Dude—"Paul Revere, Jesse James, Tom Mix and Barney Google."

Kenneth Smith—"I hear your car was struck by lightning."

Shifty—"No, indeed. My car struck the lightning."

Our High School Days

When we torted school as Freshmen,
We were sort of out of place;
We hardly knew just where to go
And where to show our face.

But when we came as Sophomores,
We knew just where to go;
We had more nerve to go and ask
And see if things were so.

The next year we were Juniors.
We felt a little big;
And in order to get our lessons,
We had to get down and dig.

Now that we are Seniors,
Our school days almost through;
Our thoughts will often wonder
When we were freshies, too.

The time, the place, has gone so fast:
From the first to our senior year;
It is with regret that we have to say,
Goodbye to a school so dear.

Areta C.—"Say Lela, the Bible says women smoked cigarettes."

Lela R.—"I think you are mistaken, Areta."

Areta C.—"No really, here it is—It says, 'and Rachel lighted off her camel.'"

Something New

Miss Langford—"Who said, 'The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.'"

Kenneth S.—"Anthony, in Shakespeare written by Caesar."

Bill—"What became of the fellow that was killed the other day?"

Smitty—"Oh, he died."

Mrs. Railsback—"What were you and Russell talking about last night?"

Margaret—"About kith and kin."

Little brother—"Yeah—Russ said, 'Kin I kith you, and sis said, 'Yith you kin.'"

Miss Boyd—"What was the wife of a vassal called in the middle ages?"

Loren—"Vaseline."

One of today's miracles.—Harold Rainey.



Miss Boyd—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Brilliant Senior—"At the bottom."

Miss Roberts—"There are about four people that are going to leave this class-room, if they don't watch out."

Lawrence M. (looking around)—"I wonder who the other three are."

Live and Learn

Eva B.—"The remainder is what is left after everything is taken away."

We got the swellest principal you ever saw.

For when I play hookey, he goes and calls up Ma.

There hain't no sense to that, as I can see.

Just makes a lot of trouble for Ma and me.

Helen S.—"I see that they have decided to pave the streets with wooden blocks."

Ivan S.—"Yeh, how did that happen?"

Helen S.—"Well, the members of the committee sort of put their heads together."

Floy S.—"What did you get out of the services Sunday morning?"

Lesley P.—"Not a thing. I was asleep when the offering was lifted."

Nellie A.—"Dean fainted at the party the other night and we thought he was going to die."

Esther—"Well, did he kick the bucket?"

Nellie—"No, he turned a little pale."

Strange Paul Asks a Question

Paul K.—"How can you tell a horse's age?"

Carl G.—"Get his birth certificate."

Lela—"Was it a green apple that caused Adam and Eve to sin in the garden of Eden?"

Pearl L.—"No, it was a green pair."

Russ (to girl on 'phone)—"Now, you get another girl and I'll get another good looking fellow."

Thelma W.—"What's an optimist?"

Wilmoth C.—(erasing) "A man who does his cross word puzzles in ink."

Shaw—"You hit him just because he differed from you in an argument. Is that so?"

Ivan S.—"I couldn't help it. He is a perfect idiot."

Shaw—"Well, you may attend ninth hour for two weeks, and in the future, you should try and remember that idiots are human beings just like you and me."

In English Class II—"Lester how would you punctuate this sentence, 'The girl went down the street?'"

Lester Glenn—"I'd make a dash after the girl."

A salesman trying to sell K. Y. a bicycle. K. Y.—"I need a cow worse than I do a bicycle."

Salesman—"Wouldn't you look funny riding a cow down the street?"

K. Y.—"Not half as funny as I would trying to milk a bicycle."

Bernice Mc.—"Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to park?"

Wayne R.—"I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

Mr. Shaw—"Margaret, what is density?"

Margaret—"Me" (No one disputed her)

James Baker—"I don't think teachers ought to get paid so much because they make the kids do all the work."

Where's the school a going?

An' what's it goin' to do?

An' how's it goin' to do it,

When we seniors get thru?



Henry D.—“I have rushed nine girls this year and not a one of them likes me.”

Junius L.—“You evidently always pick out intelligent girls.”

Margaret R.—“Eileen tried to write a book but had to quit.”

Irene S.—“Why, what was the trouble?”

Margaret R.—“Well, on the fourth page the hero swallowed an insult and choked down his anger, on page six he dropped his eyes and his face fell, and on page seven he was struck dumb with wrath, and Eileen was afraid he was too crippled then to have as a hero, so she just quit writing.”

Don L.—“Have you heard of Ray Miller's latest stunt?”

Bill B.—“No.”

Don—“His mother sent him after a pair of spectacles, and he brought home a couple of lamp shades.”

No Wonder!

Freshman—“I've got a splinter in my finger.”

Junior—“Well, I told you not to scratch your head.”

Roy S.—“Why does Dale always wear his cap at such rakish angle?”

Vernelle O.—“Oh, I suppose its to run water off his head.”

Pauline G.—“You can't make a monkey out of me!”

Grace G.—“No, but I can put you on the tree and no one will be able to tell the difference.”

Miss Roberts—“Who killed cock robin?”

Gauthier—“I did. He perched on my window sill listening to my lecture and fell asleep and dropped on the sidewalk. I couldn't help it.”

Pray let me kiss your hand, sed he,
With looks of burning love;
I can remove my veil, sed she,
Much easier than my glove.

Ray M.—“I wish I could revise the alphabet.”

Martha T.—“Why, and what would you do?”

Ray—I'd put U and I closer together.”

Shaw—“Well, Coach, how's your football team coming?”

Coach—“Like counterfeited money.”

Shaw—“Whaddye mean?”

Coach—“The halves are full of lead and the quarters can't pass.”

Oh!

Max—“See this fist? When I hit you with that you can't see down your back without turning your head!”

Wayne—“See this foot? When I kick you with that, you can't sit down for a month without leaving footprints.”

Harold R.—“Thou art the sunshine of my soul. Thou drivest away the murky clouds of despair. Thou wilt always reign in my heart. My love for thee will never grow cold. Wilt thou—?”

Lotus L.—“Say, what is this, a proposal—or a weather report?”

They stood by the old mill at the water's edge.

“Oh, Julius,” murmured Ersä, “Isn't this stream beautiful? It reminds me of something I read once in a book—I can't recall the name.”

“Ah, darling, ‘The Beautiful and the Dammed’!”

Ersä smiled and gently pushed him in.

Cecil P.—“I hear they kicked Ray off the squad.”

Loren R.—“How so?”

Cecil—“He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the coach.”

A New One

Coach—“Suicide or attempted suicide is a criminal offense and can be punished by law.”

Henry D.—“What if you killed yourself in self defense?”



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Shyest—Charlotte Barclay	Biggest Simp—Wayne Meredith
Best Wiggler—Laura Barclay	Cattiest—Carol Adams
Neckiest—Willard Gift	Battiest—Pearl Long
Crankiest—Eileen Fleming	Spryest—Bernice Bebie
Brassiest—Jessie Baker	Gawkiest—Mossie Rich
Hardest Shirker—Kenneth Smith	Worst Cooker—Margaret Railsback
Cutest—Thelma Glenn	Talkiest—Walter Dressler
Petitiest—Irene Smith	Dndiest—Russel Fullenwider
Biggest Primp—Grace Goken	Luckiest—Kenneth Thurber

SENIOR FAREWELL

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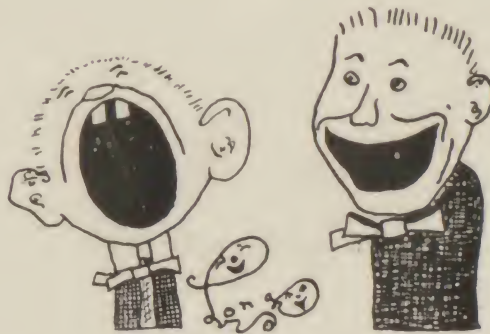
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 LaurA Barclay
 Jessie BakeR

 CharlOtte Barclay
 Margaret RaiLsback
 Russell FullenwiDer

 IreNe Smith
 Wayne MerediTh
 Mossie RicH
 SENIORS



A good fellow to have for a friend.—Cecil Peacock.



THE END.

Charlotte Barcla
B

